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Jewish-American Defense

Agencies: A Study Samuel I. Cohen

Diaries of Theodor Herzl Ben Helpen

Anton de Montoro,

A Spanish Heine Erika Spivakovsky

Until My Wife Cried William G. Wilcox

Charles Angoff:

A Literary Profile Harold U. Ribalow

The Rule of Law in

World Affairs William O. Douglas

Afternoon at the Sisterhood Herbert Swartz

The American Family and

American Character Ashley Montagu

An American Educator Franklin Parker

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THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

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Jewish-American Defense Agencies: A Study

By SAMUEL I. COHEN

SINCE THE 1959-1960 OUTBREAK of anti-Semitic vandalism and desecration, a calm has appeared on the Jewish horizon. On the world scene, Arab-Israel hostilities have been limited to the forum of United Nations debate, and the great issue is not what others are doing to Jews, but paradoxically, what the Jews will do to their enemy and captive, Adolf Eichmann. The swastika surge in Germany and other European countries seems to have subsided. In America, except for the few lingering and episodic incidents of anti-Semitic delinquency, the trend has obviously been towards a peaceful adjustment between the Jewish community and its American environ.¹ In fact, Jews in this country have achieved a social mobility and degree of acceptance never paralleled in history. Virtually every sphere of American life has in its midst Jews who have reached distinction, and "Overt anti-Semitic activity is a sporadic and isolated phenomenon."²

Particularly in this period of calm and reassessment, is it important to take note of the causal factors that have helped make the status of Jews in this country reach the present all-time high. Certainly, the tendency towards standardization and conformity that is prevalent among both Jews and Gentiles and that leads towards a "homogenized society" is a factor that must be given recognition. Obviously an enlightened and rational approach to the Jewish people on the part of the Gentile world is another basic cause. But a fair evaluation that views the specifics as well as the generalities must take into account the day-to-day work and progress in the inter-group efforts of our national Jewish organizations which champion the civil rights and social acceptance of the Jewish community.³

Certainly one of the great features of contemporary Jewish communal life, the Jewish community relations agencies, have made historic achievements in the protection and promotion of Jews and Jewish life. The eight major "defense" or "community relations" agencies (American Jewish Committee, Anti-Defamation League, American Jewish Congress, Jewish Labor Committee, Jewish War Veterans, Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations, United Synagogue of America, and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations), and their national coordinating agency, the National Community Relations Advisory Council with its fifty-one affiliated local community councils—all of these keep vigilant watch and make sure that Jewish rights and interests are not interfered with by governmental, business, civic, or social groups.⁴

These agencies, with their compendium of histories, ideologies, and problems, may or may not be credited by posterity with the achievement of today's civil and social status enjoyed by Jews. They may in fact come under fire for their separate ways and cleavages. It may even be said that their achievements were possible in spite of the broad Jewish population. First, the mass of the American Jewish community is only vaguely aware of the work and successes of these "watch-dog" agencies. Secondly, as if to add insult to injury, criticism of their programs is regularly submitted by leadership representing the full spectrum of Jewish life.

From right to left, Orthodoxy justly demands a greater concern with the protection and sensitivity of those who observe and respect religious law and tradition; the Conservatives very appropriately ask that the work of community relations be centered in the synagogue and that such work should

take on the character of synagogue-activity. The Reform-minded want an emphasis to be placed on the interpretation of Judaism to the outside world. Some organizations express their special emphasis within the framework of the NCRAC; others, like the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League, show it by withdrawing affiliation; and still others, like the National Council of Young Israel and the Union of Orthodox Rabbis, insist on pursuing their limited community relations programs without ever having entered affiliation.

Paradoxically, it often appears that all of the organizations are highly successful with their community relations work among Protestants and Catholics, but terribly deficient when working with other Jewish organizations. This chronic disorder is, of course, the subject of much concern. Professor Robert M. MacIver, in a celebrated 1952 report on the national Jewish Community Relations Agencies says:

It was proper enough that differences of ideology should create separate organizations for the promotion of the respective beliefs and positions of the participants. But it seemed highly undesirable that these differences should distract and divide the efforts devoted to a primary objective that concerned the well-being, the status, and even the integrity of the Jewish folk as they strove for social equity and civil rights. While this argument still holds, another argument was added with the great developments of agency programs in the past decade. The new argument was the excessive cost as well as the waste of energy resulting from the duplication of services and the internal conflicts attributed to the lack of coordinated or cooperative action.⁵

Although MacIver's report indicates that some areas of cooperation and coordination have been achieved through the medium of the NCRAC, his conclusions and recommendations point all too clearly to the fact that the "needless duplication of programs" continues to exist despite incidents of integrated efforts such as the working agreements of the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League in connection with their labor and veteran activities and joint action in behalf of the F.E.P.C. legislation."

The difference in ideological perspective,

a sensitivity for organizational autonomy, and simple partisanship are factors that prevent the eight major national Jewish community relations agencies from working together effectively. Another obvious factor is that despite common phraseology in their respective organizational aims and purposes vis a vis inter-group relations and civil rights, the fact remains that they do not have a common objective. They all seek peace and protection for the Jew; they all attack bigotry and anti-Semitism, and they all advocate and promote the social progress and acceptance of the Jewish community. But historically, their definitions, their philosophies, their memberships, and their emphases have varied; and as one writer put it, "[Although] demands are heard from time to time for unity or at least a united front, many are of the opinion, however, that unity is neither possible nor desirable."⁶

Fortunately, however, these agencies do not concern themselves with intramural disputes: the differences of approach, often subtle, are to be found in the unique histories and programs of the organizations themselves.

The American Jewish Committee was organized in 1906 with the avowed purpose "to safeguard the civil and religious rights of Jews, to combat discrimination and allay prejudice, to aid victims of persecution and calamity." Traditionally its membership and support have come from the upper economic strata of the Jewish population. Despite a recent democratization of its membership, the Committee has persistently "opposed Jewish national or international 'superbodies' which threatened the autonomy of the freedom of action of individual groups and their diversified historic roots."⁷ In 1952, following the MacIver report's recommendations for more cooperative activity, the Committee withdrew from the NCRAC, charging that it had become an "authoritarian agency," a "single, official voice for American Jewry and [was] destroying the autonomy of its affiliated organizations."⁸ However, the Committee's own program has steadily flourished, its more abundant resources making this

possible while others were forced into decline. Its emphasis in the battles against discrimination has shifted steadily in recent years from discreet intercession to incisive and scholarly research projects that explored the nature of anti-Semitism and group friction.

By comparison, the Anti-Defamation League has demonstrated greater militancy. Organized in 1913 as the civic protection arm of the B'nai B'rith "for the purpose of stimulating good will and combatting anti-Semitism," the ADL has concentrated its activities on watching the press, the stage, the screen, radio, school texts, etc. "ADL representatives ferreted out demagogues and combated prejudice by issuing effective and carefully prepared posters, circulars, film strips, and pamphlets to schools and civic groups." Stressing the fact that the emphasis of its activity was on the militant "defense" of Jewish interests, "fighting anti-Semitism, defending Jewish status, breaking down barriers that keep or may keep Jews as individuals or as a group from full equality of opportunity," the ADL challenged the MacIver recommendations for centralized control of the financing and planning of community relations activities and subsequently withdrew its affiliation with the NCRAC.

Taking an entirely different position, the American Jewish Congress, enthusiastically endorsed the idea of centralized coordination. Stemming from its historical interest in an organized Jewish community, Congress' concern has been with the more positive implications of community relations. Professor MacIver himself gave recognition to this when he stated that "The American Jewish Congress is more outspokenly ideological than the other agencies and represents a point-of-view that on the whole demarcates it from all the rest."

The position of Congress—that community relations work is vital only as it concerns and fosters the promotion of Jewish values, tradition, and education of the Jewish community per se—stems in no small measure from its historic evolution. A successor to

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an earlier body of the same name, Congress was organized in 1922 to deal with the civic, political, economic, and religious rights of Jews in all lands. "While it was far from the monolithic, all-inclusive organization it claimed to be, it did speak for the large Zionist center of the American Jewish community. Under the dynamic and eloquent leadership of Stephen Wise, who was the organization's president from 1924 to 1939, Congress worked unremittingly to expose and combat anti-semitism."

The Jewish Labor Committee, organized in 1933, has in general very similar purposes to those of the Committee, the ADL, and Congress. However, it differs from the others in its orientation and in its approach. Very helpful in furthering and effectuating the anti-Nazi boycott during the pre-World War II days, the JLC has traditionally enjoyed a monopoly in the field of labor. Its success and primacy in the defense and promotion of Jewish interests in labor circles are so accepted that the MacIver report recommended "that JLC become the exclusive agent in the field of labor."

In sharp contrast to the JLC, which has the battle against bigotry and anti-Semitism interwoven into an entire philosophy of labor and social justice, the Jewish War Veterans stands as a Jewish counterpart to the American Legion. Its participation in the civic and patriotic observances, its contributions to military manpower programs, its civil defense activities, and blood donor and U. S. Treasury programs have enabled the JWV to assume pre-eminence in this field vis a vis servicemen and veterans. Originally organized in 1896, the JWV program has consistently protected the interests of Jewish servicemen and veterans through vigilance over proposed legislation and governmental agencies and participation in veteran and civic organizations.

Both the JLC and JWV, which have virtual monopolies in their fields, have consistently cooperated with the coordinating recommendations and efforts of the NCRAC, and have endorsed the MacIver report.

In 1952 a new dimension was added to the

national picture of community relations work with the entering into affiliation with the NCRAC of two major religious groups, the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations and the United Synagogue of America. Together with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, a long-time affiliate, they brought the bulk of America's organized Jewish religious community, with its hundreds of congregations, rabbis, and lay leaders, into active cooperation in the sphere of community relations.

The community relations efforts of these religious bodies, flavored, of course, by their respective ideological purviews of the American Jewish community, have in effect served notice that the entire circumference of American Jewish life takes a vital interest in protecting and advancing the rights of Jews. It is no longer the private province of the "defense" agencies. Gone also are the days when protecting the rights of Jews was the exclusive responsibility of these agencies. Today virtually all of them have adopted the premise that "the Jewish community will not discharge its responsibilities to Israel, to Jews in other lands, and to the struggle for the defense of human rights unless its understanding of its obligations is deeply and firmly rooted."¹⁰

Important also is the very obvious trend in recent years wherein synagogues have come to be looked upon as the central institutions of Jewish life, from which emanate all phases of Jewish communal endeavor.¹¹ Another factor, that may not be merely incidental to the new religiously-oriented emphasis on community relations work, is the desire in many quarters to bring more Jewishness into the realm of Jewish social service and subsequently into the organized American Jewish Community.

Orthodoxy certainly holds claim to this view. It is Orthodox Jewry which always "saw things in terms of the total community," and which holds sacred the tenet that "Judaism attains its consummation only in and through communal life."¹² Historically, it harbored the greatest and most personal concern for the civil rights of Jews.

Stemming from this communal concern, "It fell to the lot of Orthodoxy to establish the legal status of Jews and Judaism in American democracy. To the everlasting credit of our pioneering forebears it must be said that they were not content with second-class citizenship. George Washington confirmed this attitude in his now famous letter to the Orthodox congregation in Newport, Rhode Island. However, the false dictum that America is a 'Christian State' must be challenged again and again, even in the twentieth century; and while the battle is now waged by all Jews, and especially by the defense agencies, it is usually one Orthodox Jew or another who creates the issue."¹³

With this tradition and mandate, the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America has, during the past decade reasserted Orthodoxy's role in community relations. Founded in 1898, and heir to the New York Jewish Kehillah of the 1880's, the UOJCA now serves and speaks for 3,000 local Orthodox congregations. It represents the Orthodox Jewish community in relationship to governmental and civic bodies, and (in addition to its internal coordinating and educational activities) through its Commission on Community Relations takes an active and forceful role in all incidents, events, and trends that affect the rights, security, status, and sensitivity of those who observe and respect religious tradition.

Taking a different stance, the United Synagogue of America, which was founded in 1913 by Solomon Schechter with the initial sixteen-member synagogues, today views its community relations activities as part of a grand program "to center the community about synagogue life." Standing theologically between the poles of Orthodoxy and Reform, its "social action" draws from both of these perspectives.

Since the major growth in Conservative affiliation has in the past decade been in suburbia, and in most cases since 1946 the first synagogue in a new suburban community is Conservative, it is not unusual for the rabbis of these synagogue-centered communities to don the mantle of community

relations leader. "The character of his mission to the non-Jewish world has changed. The rabbi was once an important community resource simply because he had a college degree and could speak grammatical English. But today we have many "representative Jewish citizens," to say nothing of professional and semi-professional public relations workers, armed with manuals and directives from their national offices. Yet, in the long run, these functionaries cannot dispense with the help of the rabbis. To most Christians, the Jews are a religious group: cooperation between "churches" is what is sought. In all such matters, above all in the delicate discussions about religion in public education and related problems, the Christian group is represented by its clergy who must be met by their "opposite numbers" in the synagogue."¹⁴

With its hand on the pulse of contemporary Jewish life, and its eye on the emerging patterns of communal Jewishness, the Conservative movement in recent years has encouraged its rabbis to pursue this area of communal endeavor, and on the national scene has emerged as another factor in the militia of the American Jewish community.

Whereas both the UOJCA and the USA see their community relations programs as adjuncts to their positive educational and religious objectives, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has historically been regarded as the major force in the "inter-faith area." Since its founding in 1873, the UAHC has weathered many theological storms. But throughout its history, and notwithstanding its meandering ideological currents, this national body of Reform congregations has consistently pursued Isaac M. Wise's premise that "We must become not only American citizens, but Americans through and through outside the synagogue." Stemming no doubt from its German-Jewish founders' concern with their status in the non-Jewish New World of the 1800's, the Reform movement has (among the religious groupings) the oldest record of formal organizational concern with this problem. Its Commission on Social Action of Reform

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Judaism, formed in 1949 after many years of such activity within the organization's over-all program, and its truly monumental achievements in the protection and promotion of Jews among Gentiles, seemed to underscore the conclusion that "Underneath the rational ideology of the leaders of Reform Judaism there still remained a simple, unreflecting attachment to the Jewish people, a subconscious insistence that the Jews be maintained as a people."¹⁵

Reviewing the work of the UAHC in the area of inter-faith activities, Professor MacIver reported that "[it] does the most positive work in this area. It seeks to interpret to other groups the significance of the Jewish faith." Attaching itself to this basic responsibility, the UAHC has achieved notable recognition, and no doubt has served as an important factor in the accelerated community relations programs of the other synagogue groups.

Although on certain levels the religious interest of the American Jewish community is represented by the Synagogue Council of America, "its credentials are not all-inclusive and its powers are limited."¹⁶ Because each constituent agency has the power of veto, unabridgeable gaps in the ideologies of the Council's member groups render it ineffective in areas of sharp dispute, and "inter-faith endeavor and community relations work fall into that area marked by sharp differences of opinion."¹⁷

Consequently, with the obvious need for integration and coordination in the American Jewish community's community relations programs, the agency that has drawn the greatest degree of cooperation and interest (from all of the above-described sources) is the National Community Relations Advisory Council. Born in 1944 in response to this very pressing need, the NCRAC has met with sporadic successes. Many will argue that, like the United Nations, its factions will never really see eye to eye with others except in the need for peace and equilibrium. But as long as they are able to meet at the same conference table to discuss their different objectives, much is accomplished and

the hope for cooperative endeavor increases.

A unique feature of organized American Jewish life is that although virtually every major overture for unity has met with failure, the national organizations make the attempt again and again. "One could begin with the Board of Delegates of American Israelites of 1859 and carry through to the American Jewish Conference of 1943 with its vision of a permanent organization."¹⁸ Despite the perennial recognition of common causes and concerns, and despite the apparently overwhelming desire for unity, the history of those attempts was one of consistent conflict and subsequent failure.

With the wisdom of hindsight, one immediately recognizes the limitations of each of the early attempts at unifying the American Jewish community.

For example, "[when] the deadly menace of Hitlerism aroused anew the sense of the need for united action, in 1933 B'nai B'rith, Committee, and Congress set up a Joint Consultative Council. [But] this was too loose a union to be effective, and after a few years, torn by questions that could be regarded as having no proper bearing on the major objectives of the alliance, it dissolved."¹⁹

When the American Jewish Conference was called in 1943, with the endorsement of no less than thirty-five national organizations, to consider and recommend action on problems relating to the rights and status of Jews in the post-war world, its short-lived career was due in no small measure to the question of autonomy and independent action of the affiliated groups.

The next significant attempt was the NCRAC. It was set up as a coordinating agency to deal with the "defense" of "community relations" areas of organized Jewish communal endeavor. It was and is broadly constituted of national Jewish organizations and local community representatives. "When however, an attempt was made by the MacIver report to introduce a modicum of order and efficiency and to avoid duplication and overlapping by the allocation of functions to the respective agencies that were best

equipped to handle them, two of the leading organizations walked out."²⁰

The consensus is that the NCRAC is performing a useful service, but neither its composition nor the scope of its program may be described as *the* instrument of a united Jewish community. But for that matter, neither may the other coordinating groups: The Synagogue Council of America, representing the religious interest; the Council of Federations and Welfare Funds, whose province is the philanthropic and fund-raising realm; the American Zionist Council, the forum for the Zionist movement; and the Presidents' Conference, representing the broader moral support of Israel.

In the particular realm of community relations, however, there are many areas of cooperation, many bases for joint effort, and many groups that ardently espouse the idea of unity, although the idea that total unification and centralization will ever be achieved appears to be too much to hope for.

As peace and equilibrium reign, the divisive character of our organizations is all too apparent. Indeed our history is replete with evidences that real unification appears only in crises. But although the realities seem to warrant the conclusion that "unity is neither possible nor desirable," the altruism and idealism that motivated the founding of our community relations agencies, and what one might consider as the developmental process of our leaders, all seem to indicate that the need for coordination cannot be ignored much longer. MacIver's sensitive report, the subsequent statements by the national agencies, as well as the local pleas for one central voice of leadership, all constitute a trend. That this trend will serve as a mandate for the agencies themselves is, of course, the hope of the American Jewish community.

The MacIver plea was not for the discontinuance of any community relations activities by any of the agencies, nor for the blending of their respective outlooks and programs. On the contrary, the diversity, difference of emphasis and orientation, and the divergent sources of support for these agencies are all assets. Certainly, the role

and status of the Jewish population in America are what they are today in no small measure because of these varying interests.

This present lack of unity in the field of Jewish community relations is, of course, but symptomatic of the disunity and divisiveness in the broader Jewish community. The sociological, psychological, and ideological analyses of this phenomenon abound, and the pleas for unity come regularly and passionately. But from the community relations point of view, the organization and centralization of Jewish community relations programs must come about for the sake of Jewish dignity. The recent American Jewish Congress - Anti-Defamation League contro-

versy as to who is serving the best interests of the Miami Jewish community serves only to illustrate with singular clarity that internal organization strife, duplication, and competition are detrimental to the American Jewish community.

There can be no argument with the view that the community relations programs of our national Jewish organizations have achieved, protected, and strengthened the civil rights and social status of American Jewry. But times and circumstances change, and the younger American Jewish generation will want to know whether our national Jewish organizations have merely grown old or come of age.

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1. As evidenced by the listing of the "Most Significant Developments of 1959-1960" of the "Joint Program Plan for Jewish Community Relations, 1960-1961" of the National Community Relations Advisory Council. The following should be noted: (a) "Evidence of Congressional impatience with our Administration's vacillation and seeming impotence in implementing its declared policy that the Suez Canal should be open to the shipping of all nations—reflected in an amendment to the foreign aid bill, adopted by substantial majorities despite opposition by the Administration and by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairman"; (b) a sharp rise in public discussion of church-state issues, sparked by the injection of the question of religion into the Presidential nominating campaigns, with consequent heightening of Catholic-Protestant tensions; (c) the dramatically accelerated advance, despite setbacks in some places and in some respects, in the long-term trend toward racial equality, both in our own nation and in virtually every part of the world.
2. Isaac Toubin, *The Jews of America: A Community in Transition*. (New York: American Jewish Congress), p. 5.
3. A claim most readily accepted and advanced by these organizations, particularly the coordinating NCRAC whose "Programs Recommended for Major Emphasis and Priority in 1960-61" all too clearly implies that whatever successes are enjoyed are the results of organizational diligence. *Joint Program Plan for Jewish Community Relations*, op. cit., pp. 22-28.
4. The criterion by which an organization is recognized as a community relations agency is, of course, a loose one. In most instances, however, this status is determined by the organization's having a department or commission devoted to this field. The major agencies will be referred to hereafter by their abbreviated names or their initials: American Jewish Committee (Committee); American Jewish Congress (Congress); Anti-Defamation League (ADL); Jewish War Veterans (JWV); Jewish Labor Committee (JLC); Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America (UOJCA); United Synagogue of America (USA); Union of American Hebrew Congregations (UAHC); National Community Relations Advisory Council (NCRAC).
5. Robert M. MacIver, *Report on the Jewish Community Relations Agencies*. (New York, National Community Relations Advisory Council, 1951), p. 11.
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7. Howard M. Sachar, *The Course of Modern Jewish History*. (Cleveland, Ohio, World Publishing Co., 1958), p. 531.
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15. Nathan Glazer, *American Judaism*. (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1957), p. 55.
16. Israel Goldstein, "Action Now For Jewish Unity," *Congress Bi-Weekly*. (New York, American Jewish Congress, January 11, 1960), p. 6.
- 17, 18, and 19. MacIver, op. cit., pp. 15 and 240.
20. Goldstein, op. cit., p. 6.

Diaries of Theodor Herzl*

By BEN HALPERN

ANY FIGURE with the historic significance of a Theodor Herzl would deserve to have his diaries published. Scholars would find the behind-the-scenes comments invaluable in describing the motives behind his historic actions and the general reader would enjoy these intimate glimpses of history, even if they were no more than the ordinary jottings of a person in the thick of events. But the circumstances under which Herzl's diaries were produced and the manner in which he wrote them were far from ordinary. The product is not a mere source book for the historically inquisitive, as shapeless and unformed as many such productions are. It is a massive work of art, monumental, integral, informed with a single passion and concerned with a continuous action that unify it into a coherent whole. In its own way, it deserves the same kind of aesthetic attention, made up of fascination and incredulity, that we might give to a Wagnerian music drama.

The nine years from 1895 to 1904 covered in Herzl's diaries contain his conversion to Zionism—or his discovery of Zionism—and his career as the founder of the Zionist organization until his untimely death. In that period Herzl experienced a transformation in his own life. He changed from a mood of frustrated self-doubt to an impassioned conviction of his destiny. In that period, too, he transformed the stagnant, inhibited nationalist movement of the Jewish people into a vigorous body conscious not only of its goal, but of its historic responsibility. The diaries record in detail both transformations.

The artistic grandeur of this work is that

of the drama. For neither the leader himself nor the Zionist movement could easily or without conflict live up to the destinies that they realized and irrevocably accepted in the passionate, historic final years of Herzl's life. The task was too improbable, the obstacles too great to be encompassed without heroic struggles. Nor was the fight merely an epic contest with adverse circumstances. Herzl, upon realizing his historic destiny, did not at once change into a monolithic leader figure, iron-willed, cool, clear-sighted, and unfailingly accurate in his assessments and previsions. He remained the melancholy, moody, raffiné, vain and impatient *litterateur* that he had always been, and he had to overcome not only in the outer world but in himself the dangers threatening his success. The Zionist movement, too, did not convert overnight from a disorganized, uncertain collection of partisans of the idea into a disciplined army. The sense of sovereignty that they acquired under Herzl did not yield the smooth, habitual discipline required for effective sovereign decision without passionate internal battles. The pages of Herzl's diaries are full of the strains and stresses, in his own life and in the movement, which were involved in the historic change.

Taken within the framework of the diaries themselves, moreover, the drama is unquestionably a tragedy, even though we have lived to see the triumphant epilog, long after the death of the author and hero. The story begins on a note of exaltation. The hero feels the beat of the eagle-wings of destiny over his head as he writes. He vents the inspiration that possesses him in rhapsodic spurts. Fragments of ideas and long, passionate tirades of persuasion flow from him, recorded in his journals in the first days of

*The Complete Diaries of Theodor Herzl. Raphael Patai, editor. Translated by Harry Zohn. Herzl Press and Thomas Yoseloff. 5 vols., boxed. \$25.

his obsession and on scraps of paper in the ensuing weeks of fevered activity. During this time the author often doubts his sanity, but this, too, because of his extraordinary euphoric state.

Struggles, large and petty alike, dominate the middle part of the diaries, which constitutes their bulk. The explosive ardor of Herzl, who at first was not certain whether he was writing a novel or a tract, soon found the defined channel of political action, of negotiation and mass organization. The unbelievable energy of this man in the pursuit of his goal, the complexity of the conditions he had to consider and the forces he had to keep in play, the pettiness of some trials to which he was put and the immense odds against success in others, the imposing facade that not only he but the whole Zionist organization had to maintain upon such feeble supports—all this makes up a performance and a narrative breathtaking in its tension and its virtuosity.

But the final part of the diaries is overcast with the omens of defeat. It is written against the drumbeat of the symptoms of Herzl's heart ailment. He knew that his time was measured, and even while he counted the dwindling remainder, his goal slipped farther and farther from reach. The dizzy complexity of combinations in his game collapsed to a pitiful few, as one gambit after another led to failure. Toward the end he saw his own army split on the so-called Uganda issue, a project that in itself was an attempt to rescue some value from the dissolving prospects of the Zionist organization.

If there was ever a man beaten by circumstances at the end of his course, that man was Theodor Herzl. The diaries record for us the full bitterness of defeat. We know now that in what then seemed defeat were the seeds of unparalleled triumph. But we do not need our wisdom after the event to redeem the agonies of Herzl's last days. The diaries themselves, in which the pain of defeat is so poignantly recorded, are even in this finale a triumph. The tragedy ends like

all tragedies in the downfall of the hero. But in his fall, the Herzl of the diaries remains the hero of his exalted first flight, and a hero far greater in the travails that he lives out. Never was the courage and magnanimity of Herzl more greatly displayed than in his last Zionist Congress, where he provoked his bitter opponents both to rebellion and to tears of compunction at the tragic break. Never was a disavowed leader more at one with his foemen and brethren than in the words Herzl spoke at the meeting of the protestants who had left the Congress session or in the words he planned to deliver to the next Congress if (as he said) he should live to see it.

"I want to tell you now what my speech before the seventh Congress is to be—if I live till then. By that time I shall have Palestine, or else I shall have recognized the complete futility of all further effort in that direction. In this latter case the summary of my speech will be: It was not possible. The ultimate goal has not been reached and cannot be reached within the calculable future. But we have a compromise achievement—this land ["Uganda"] in which our suffering masses can be settled on a national foundation with autonomous rights. I do not believe that for the sake of a beautiful dream or a legitimist flag we ought to withhold relief from the unfortunate. But I understand at the same time that this has brought a decisive split into our movement, and this division passes right through my person. Although I was originally a Jewish statist, no matter where, I did later on lift up the flag of Zion, and I myself became a lover of Zion. Palestine is the one land where our people can come to rest. But hundreds of thousands are waiting for immediate help. There is only one way of resolving this contradiction: I must resign the leadership. I will, if you so desire, conduct the next Congress; after that, elect two Action Committees, one for East Africa and one for Palestine. I shall not stand for election in either. But whoever should be elected can always have my counsel for the asking. And

my best wishes will always follow those who devote themselves to the fulfillment of that beautiful dream."

The diaries have been available until now in a three volume edition in the original, and, in English, in a variety of selections. The present five volume edition is not only the first full edition generally available to the English-reading audience; it is also the first complete edition, for when the German was published in 1934 it was thought advisable to leave out certain passages, out of consideration for persons still alive and for other, similar reasons.

The English translators of Herzl's diaries have been a distinguished group. The material is fascinating and has attracted men with the skill and taste of Maurice Samuel and Marvin Lowenthal. Both have published fine translations of portions of the diaries, Samuel's selection having appeared in the Herzl Memorial book published by the New Palestine in New York in 1929 and Lowenthal's as a volume published by Dial Press in 1956. A translation of the Herzl diaries in full was done by the late-lamented Jacob Hodess, and published serially in the London Jewish Chronicle some years ago, shortly before the translator's decease. Professor Harry Zohn of Brandeis University, the translator of the present edition, holds his own very competently in this company. The edition, like Lowenthal's, is also provided with an appendix in which names, places, and unfamiliar terms are identified and briefly defined. Done on a generous scale by the editor, Dr. Raphael Patai, these notes occupy the bulk of the last book of the five volume set.

This is one of the occasions on which one has to be thankful for the American custom of Bar Mitzvah spectaculars. The boxed set of Theodor Herzl diaries will undoubtedly become a favorite Bar Mitzvah gift in the years to come. One can only hope that scions of the People of the Book are still sufficiently affected by the genetic weakness for the printed word that the set will not

stand untouched forever on our teenagers' bookshelves. Whoever yields to temptation enough to take it down and leaf through will surely let himself in for an experience as shaking as it may be unexpected, for this is an authentic major work, and a masterpiece, moreover, of that special kind which (like the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz) becomes unique in its genre. To duplicate an autobiography on this scale and at this dramatic pitch, one would have to live a life as big as Herzl's; for no such monumental observation of oneself would be tolerable in anyone who was any less the historic hero.

DEATH CAMP MUSEUM

(for my wife who survived)

By HERBERT L. SHORE

*In a showcase under glass
Are some little things, all charred and
grayed,
A coin, a purse, a necklace, tarnished,
frayed,
A flute, mashed flat,
Rickety spectacle frames of wire
For the eyes of bent old men,
A brass ring, blackened by the fire,
A lesson book, a pen,
A soiled felt hat,
Battered, and in a corner, under glass,
Two little skates, a knitted cap,
A doll, an ausweiss pass.
Your fingernails bit deep into my flesh.
It was snowing.
I looked into your face, and I was held
By the skates, knowing
Those skates could sparkle gay,
Were there children left in town to play.
And the cry of the wind above the hedge,
The memories, the sounds they made,
Rose in our hearts like a sacred pledge.*

Anton de Montoro, a Spanish Heine

By ERIKA SPIVAKOVSKY

ADAFINA (Sabbath stew), a word that occurs repeatedly in the "Cancionero" of Antón de Montoro, reminds me of Heinrich Heine's *Schalet*, the treasured Sabbath food of his childhood, which he evokes, nostalgically, here and there in his writings. There is more in the old Sephardi's poems which makes me think of Heine: tender love songs and sensitive appreciation of beauty; clever and elegant praise of great patrons, but also mockery of them, some of it hidden and some more overt; a good deal of ironic exaggeration. The writer makes fun of the world, and also of himself, and sometimes he professes self-pity. And there is, in many variations, presented with the light tone of burlesque and irony, the ever-recurring problem of Christian and Jew. There is, in short, a forerunner (albeit a somewhat primitive one) of the great German poet.

A Spanish Heine? The Spaniards sometimes call Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer (1836-1870) their "Heine." But much as poor, pale, romantic Bécquer, in his love lyrics, may have been a student and follower of the German poet, it seems to me that no author can be called a "Heine" unless he also suffered from a similar Jewish-Christian ambivalence. If there was a Spanish Heine, no one would qualify better for this honor than Montoro, "el Ropero," a celebrated poet of the fifteenth century, "the last of the Spanish Troubadours."¹

Heine, despite his great interest and extensive research in the history of the Jews in Spain, and his magical absorption of it, probably did not know Montoro's work, nor

of his existence.² It might be worthwhile to investigate possible literary analogies in the work of the two poets, and to compare their respective places in the literature of their countries, as well as the influence they exerted on later generations. But I am here concerned mainly with the parallelism in each poet's peculiar personal tragedy.

We cannot carry the parallels too far, of course. They would be valid only inasmuch as the situation of the Jews at both periods had points of likeness. Is it at all possible to compare the degree of assimilation of a Jew in such different eras as that of the newly emerging Christian culture of Castile in the fifteenth century and of sophisticated Germany in the nineteenth?

When Montoro was born in Spain in the year 1404 (in the Andalusian town of Montoro), the Jewish civilization there which had flourished, with varied fortunes, for a thousand years already, was in decline both in respect to its Hebrew heritage and in the Jews' personal safety. Past was the era when the Jewish religious spirit had risen to the heights of great philosophers like Maimonides and Nahmanides, of Spanish-Hebrew poets like Ibn Gabirol and Jehudah Halevy. During the fourteenth century increasing persecutions and pogroms had led many Spanish Jews, particularly the wealthy, into conversion. Uncounted numbers of their community intermarried with the Christian nobility and penetrated the Church hierarchy. Meanwhile those Jews who still remained loyal to their faith drew ever-growing enmity upon themselves in the same degree as the Spanish-Christian reconquest of the

1. Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, Leipzig, v. 8, p. 289.

2. Montoro was mentioned for the first time outside of Spain, and some of his work published, in 1859 (three years after Heine's death) by Kayserling, *Sephardim, Romanische Poesien der Juden in Spanien*.

peninsula progressed and the Moorish side lost power.

Montoro thus grew up at a time when the traditional Hebrew influence (and also the use of the Arab language outside the still Muslim-dominated kingdom of Granada) had almost vanished. His education was secular and "Romance" (Castilian), while it was becoming an ever greater handicap to profess Judaism. He was well advanced in years, a grandfather in fact (certainly much older than Heine at his baptism in his twenties) when he gave up the struggle between the chains of tradition against the hostility of his environment and became a Christian, the only member of his immediate family to do so:

I have sons and grandsons
and a poor old father;
and my mother, Doña Jamila,
and a daughter, young and beautiful,
who never went to baptism.³

While Spanish Jewry in Montoro's time was already in decline, German Jewry in Heine's time had only started its ascent. But the process of assimilation went much faster in the intellectually liberated epoch of post-French-revolutionary times than it had done in the Middle Ages. It was precipitated by the fact that the German Golden Age of thought, as distinguished by Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, coincided with the new era of spiritual liberty. Among many German Jews, therefore, particularly the *avante-garde* of writers and artists (like Heine, Boerne, Mendelssohn), baptism became fashionable long before the very existence of Jews in Germany was being endangered. In medieval Spain, on the contrary, persecution had been the primary incentive in similar waves of conversion.

However that may be, the fact is that many Jews deserted the camp in both countries and at all periods. Where, then, lies the peculiar similarity in these two poets?

3. From *Cancionero de Antón de Montoro*, ed. Don Emilio Cotarelo y Mori, (Madrid, 1900), No. CXXII, p. 262. All subsequent quotations are taken from this source; page references will be given in the text. I ventured to attempt the translation of these quotations from the Spanish.

It seems to me to consist in the circumstance that, in contrast to their colleagues who had taken the same step, neither Montoro nor Heine stopped giving expression to their Jewish consciousness. Perhaps because both of them had unusually sensitive souls, as true artists cherishing every fiber of the roots of their being, their Jewish awareness persisted—whether they wished it or not. Like Heine, Montoro also seems to have regretted his desertion throughout the remainder of his life. In their endeavor to lighten their material existence by this surrender, both had brought upon themselves the tragedy of inner contention. Those of a grave and melancholy temperament may lose their mind through this inner conflict. But Montoro, like Heine, had the "light touch" to save his sanity. If the inner voice of torturing ambivalence would never be silent, it could at least be muffled by the supreme gift of an all-pervading irony.

Heine's Jewish pronouncements which permeate most of his works, every one steeped in irony, are too well known to be quoted here. In a similar vein, Montoro brought in "the Jew" almost everywhere. Just as, for instance, he mentioned rather wistfully the loyal Jewishness of his family, so he reported another time an occasion when he found nothing but bacon in the butcher-shops of Córdoba:

... the butchers gave me
cause to perjure myself.
Not finding, to my chagrin
wherewith to kill my hunger,
they made me break the law of my grandfathers.
(LXXV, p. 146.)

In consequence of their inner discord, both Heine and Montoro continued to identify themselves with the Jews although both, many a time, also heaped unkindness and ridicule on them, trying, sporadically, for identification with Christians. Both stood therefore outside of both camps. Both had bitter feuds with the real Conversos, those who had no regrets about their break with their fathers' religion. One need only recall Heine's enmity against his fellow-poet and political exile, Boerne, to compare it with

a similar attitude of Montoro, mocking a fellow-poet, Juan de Valladolid. This rival had become such a good Christian that he was preaching sermons at the court of his noble patron, and Montoro advises him to stop this sort of thing—his sermons are no good:

Juan, my lord and great friend:
With my whole heart
I wish to give you an admonition;
Take it as I say it,
As coming from a brother,
As well we may be, through all those people
Of our very own Rabbis,
Since you and I are Jews,
Your offences are mine
And what hurts me, hurts you too. (CLVI, p. 270.)

He should leave off preaching—the gist of Montoro's admonition—and rather look for some other livelihood instead. (Neither Montoro nor his colleague, nor any other poets, like most poets, then, later, and now, made a living from their writing.) Juan de Valladolid replied to Montoro's advice with a scurrilous attack in verse, ending it by bragging that

This preaching in the end
will give me better food
than you get by mending. (CLVII, p. 272.)

For the epithet by which Montoro is known, "el Roperero," means that he was a mending tailor, a calling which even then was unusual for a poet. (There is of course no parallel in this to Herr Doktor Heine who had the much harder task of earning a living by the fruit of his intellect.) Some Grandes and possibly some kings patronized Montoro despite his lowly trade. Another of his inimical colleagues in poetry and changed religion, Román the *Comendador* (one of those converts who helped persecute Jews), told of the Roperero's success with the great:

Many grandes have given you
many things, I say, too much,
not simple ones;
clothes of silk and brocade
wherewith you mock the world
with your little verse. (CXLIV, p. 247 ff.)

Román amplifies his envious enumeration of Montoro's success with the nobles by adding:

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

Although you are christianized
I believe that,
When you come to Távora
You will be stoned as a Hebrew. (*Ibid.*)

It may be apt to note here that the gifts of the great did not turn Montoro's head. Once, having bought himself a silken frock and put it on, Montoro found it impossible not to laugh at himself:

This sad fellow Montoro,
How ridiculous he is,
like the slave of a Moor
who wears a golden girdle, but no shirt or skirt.
(XXXVIII, p. 102.)

Yes, the Grandes honored him, even the noted poets among them, like the famous Don Íñigo de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana, who asked Montoro to write verses for him. Montoro felt particularly flattered by Santillana's attention:

Is it excusable to sell honey to the bee-keeper?
Will the ocean grow from the droplets of the Duero?
Can one compare the white lily flower with dusky
seeds? (XIII, p. 59.)

Those of his own class, however, his fellow-New-Christian poets, snubbed him for being the "Roperero." A third of Montoro's rivals, Alfonso de Velasco, gave expression to this disdain:

Our very polished style of singing together
all in harmony
is spoilt through you
because you do not want to leave off
being a Roperero. (XXVI, p. 75.)

Montoro apologized, obviously with tongue in cheek, that his "little knowledge" forced him back to the needle, promising:

I vow by the body of God,
that never in your presence
will I show myself sewing skirts. . . .
(CXLVII, p. 262.)

Besides being a tailor who mended, patched, and sold old-clothes, Montoro also sold (if one can believe the above-mentioned Comendador Román) apples, nuts, figs, butter, eggs, salt, pears, grapes, cherries, drinks, candles, honey, vinegar. Román also reproached Montoro for wandering through the villages, peddling needles, sewing utensils, a thousand little crosses, little pipes, trumpets, horns, ribbons, strings, rings, scissors, and knives. He accuses him, further, of

buying up chickens, cheese, bacon, and barrels of wine, in order to resell them, and also old iron, broken shoes, and furs, "lowering your ears like a good plain Jew." (CXLII, p. 241 ff.)

Montoro answered back, word for word. He was by no means meek. It is entirely possible that his derisive attitude—coupled with his superior gifts—provoked the attacks of his snobbish rivals whom he embarrassed in their aspiration to higher status. Yet he did not quite stoop to their violence and scurrility. Modern scholarship has established also that two obscene writings, long printed under his name, were slanderously and mistakenly ascribed to him.⁴

It is astounding that the versified attacks of Montoro's rivals and his replies should make up a rather large part of his surviving poetry. The careful preservation of such sordid records of altercation lets us surmise that these bloodless feuds served the amusement of their common patrons and their courts. The New-Christian poets probably recited their invectives, in front of such distinguished audiences, in a kind of debased imitation of the public theological disputes between Christians and Jews which were the fashion in Spain earlier in the fifteenth century, and which live on in Heine's famous caricature "In der Aula zu Toledo." ("Disputation," from his *Romanzero*.) The irony of it is that the worst which they told each other, and which each of them wished least to hear, was to accuse each other of being Jews. It ought to be noted, however, that, although such a charge was then probably meant to be simply polemical. Only a few years later similar mutual incriminations would have delivered both feuding parties as "apostates" into the fiery arms of the Inquisition, established in Castile in January of 1481.

This intrepid little salesman (who, according to his rival Juan de Valladolid, the "preacher," was "rotund like a bun" [p.272]) wrote poems even for the King of Castile, Henry IV, "The Impotent," and for the

latter's later and very famous sister, Queen Isabel, whom Montoro, as an old man, addressed in her youth with great self-confidence. Out-praising her Old-Christian court poets, Montoro proclaimed her worthy to be the Mother of God. If only, he says,

... Saint Anne had not given birth
until you were born,
from you the Son of God
would have received human form. (XXXV, p. 98.)

Another time he complained to the Queen that he was still called a Jew. He addresses himself:

Oh you bitter and poor Ropero,
Should you not feel your pain?
Seventy years ago you were born,
And in all of them you always vouched
For the Inviolable Conception!

(This exaggeration must be understood as his endeavor to please the Queen.) He continues in the same vein:

I never blasphemed the Creator,
I said the Credo, and I adored
Pots full of bacon,
And half-cooked pork roasts,
I heard Masses and prayed,
And crossed myself continuously,

but, despite all of this, he goes on:

I could not get rid of the name
of an old Jewish whoreson. . . . (XXXVI.)

Writing this about 1474, when Isabel still had to fight against Portuguese claims for the stabilization of her throne in Castile to which she had just succeeded, the old poet could not suspect that this sympathetic young monarch who listened to his complaints would cause, some years after his death, the exodus of all the Jews from Spain.

Little is known of the details of Montoro's life.⁵ In his younger years he spent some time at the Courts of Naples, Mantua, and Milan, where he served as improvisator and astrologer. Whether he tailored and peddled there is not known. On a return passage to Spain he was captured by Moorish pirates and brought to Fez, but he knew how to regain his liberty, probably with the help of

4. See Erasmo Buceta, article in *Modern Philology*, XVII, No. 11, March, 1920.

5. See Graetz, above. Also M. Kayserling, "Un chansonnier marrane," *Revue des Etudes Juives*, 42/43, 1902, pp. 259-267; and Rafael Ramirez de Avellano in *Revista de Archivos*, tomo IV, 1900, p. 485 ff.

a woman, because he took a wife there. He is said to have been married, successively, to a Jewess, a Moorish girl, and a Christian, a fact marking the different epochs of his life: his youth in Spain as a Jew; the Muslim marriage in Fez; and the Christian wife, Teresa Rodriguez (a widow with a daughter), when he settled down as the New-Christian "Roper" or "Aljabibe" (dealer in second-hand goods) in Córdoba.

By the time Montoro finally joined the Marranos, conversion had become of little use to those who accepted it only for expediency. Until then the "Conversos" had been welcomed into the Christian community. The Church had invited them with utmost zeal. But in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the Spanish persecutors of Jews anticipated the Nazi creed of race: they refused from then on to distinguish between New-Christians and professing Jews. In fact, since the Marranos usually were the wealthier of the two groups, for a time they even drew the greater rage of the populace—fanned by the friars—upon themselves. This turn of events broke into the open in 1473 in Córdoba when Montoro must have lived there for a long time. The New-Christians were playing a predominant role in that beautiful town, the ancient capital of the Caliphs, so prosperous with its agricultural products and its leather goods. They, and the many Jews who also lived there, enjoyed the protection of the generous governor, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Aguilar, a Castilian noble of royal blood, who patronized Montoro. The tolerant governor even married his eldest son and heir, Don Alonso de Aguilar, to a girl of a prominent New-Christian family, Doña Catalina Pacheco (one of her nephews-to-be was the celebrated Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza). But when Don Alonso inherited his father's position, he seems to have been still a mere boy:

They carried you from the cradle
to the throne. . . . (XXXII, p. 80.)

said Montoro, somewhat exaggerating. (Don Alonso later was to become a legendary hero, after his dramatic death in 1501, in a struggle with the Moors, when he was

trapped in an impassable rock of the Red Sierra where his bones were found only seventy years afterwards [as told by Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza].⁶ Don Alonso's younger brother, Don Gonzalo, was to become "El Gran Capitán," greatest glory of the Spanish army under King Ferdinand the Catholic.)

Despite Montoro's picturesque exaggeration, it appears from his poem that in 1473 these brothers must have been of such unripe years that the Old-Christians found it opportune to take advantage of their temporarily weakened ruling house. This circumstance has not been recognized until now, but it seems plausible to connect the fact of a boy-ruler with the lawlessness that then arose in Córdoba. At any rate, the antecedents of the Nazis founded an exclusive association under the name of *Caridad* (Charity), with the statute—apparently the first in history—of accepting no New-Christians in their midst. On March 14, 1473, this fraternity marched in a solemn inaugural procession through the streets of Córdoba, carrying, under torch lights, an image of the Virgin. All the streets and squares through which the procession was to pass were decorated with flowers and carpeting. Only the New-Christians had abstained from decorating their houses, remaining indoors for good measure. Suddenly, at the corner of the "Calle de la Herrería" at the house of a wealthy New-Christian, a leader of the procession, the blacksmith Alonso Rodriguez, uttered a wild scream, bringing the procession to a halt. From a window of this Converso's house, a young girl had poured something on the image. (Graetz [p. 235] calls the poured substance "an unclean liquid"; Ramirez [p. 485] says it was said to be "orina.") Screaming "Long live Faith" the blacksmith threw his flaming torch into the house, and the multitude followed suit, setting fire to the houses of other New-Christians, sacking, robbing, and starting to attack them all.

But although the young governor of Cór-

6. *Guerra de Granada*, p. 160.

doba, according to Montoro, was only of an age at which he ought to have played with apples, he had been on the alert. He came down from the Alcázar in time to stay the outbreak, trying to admonish the blacksmith, and, finding the fellow recalcitrant, killing him with one thrust of his lance. The youth's intrepid intervention astounded and pacified the rabble and everyone went home except the followers of the new "martyr," who carried the body of the smith into the Church of San Lorenzo. At the moment when a cross was put into his dead hands, his arm came off and fell heavily to the floor. Although some people insisted that a small dog had been seen crouching beneath the corpse, and that its movements had dislocated the cadaver, the credulous saw only that the dead person had moved. Crying "Miracle" they ran to arms, collected crowds, and took up the sack of their city where they had left off, this time with overwhelming force, some 20,000 of them joining in the murder and plunder. The young Aguilars, those future heroes of Spain, were pelted with stones when they ventured outside, so that they saw themselves compelled to retire with their handful of retainers into the castle until the tumult spent itself. A number of Marranos and Jews (Montoro, it is said, among them) had found timely refuge there.

When Don Alonso emerged from the Alcázar after three days, the Council of the city persuaded him to expel the few surviving Conversos, including those he himself had saved, but permitting the professing Jews to remain in Córdoba. Montoro, a man of 70 at that time, finding himself exiled and destitute in consequence of these events, moved to Sevilla. From there he addressed a poem of complaints to Don Alonso, pointing out the irony which he saw in the preferential treatment accorded the unbaptized:

What, then, seems wrong to you in these converts?
It would have served them better for their faults to
have been Jews instead of Christians. . . .

He muses further on, interspersing his laments with flattery to the young ruler, and

expressing somewhat enviously what he conceived as the injustice of letting "those of contrary creed, who forego eternal glory," to continue to live there as Jews. (XXXII, p. 80 ff.)

Córdoba's ruler must have relented after some time, because Montoro and other New Christians returned to live there. Montoro made his will in that city in 1477 (having recovered by then from the loss the exile had caused him. He left a modest capital to his daughters Leonor and Catalina, and to two sons, and duly, but rather meagerly in comparison, he rewarded his confessor and several churches.).⁷ He died there on March 31 of the same year, apparently in the good graces of the Church, but certainly torn until the end by his tragic dilemma. And yet he was, comparatively, a fortunate man. He had not lived to experience the Inquisition which only a few years later would perhaps have persecuted him. At least, the terror of it would have stifled his muse. As a poet of true lyric gifts whose tragically ambivalent soul predisposed him at the same time to a transcending irony, he was not to find his match until the appearance of Heinrich Heine, who also "mocked the world (and himself) with his little verse."

7. *Revista de Archivos*. See above, p. 488.

From Formless Dust

By RUBY ZAGOREN

*The dust can speak;
The dust can hear
For once it formed
A lovely ear.*

*The dust can see;
The dust can feel
For once it was
Achilles' heel.*

*We may be formed
From formless dust
Yet we have souls
That love and trust.*

Until My Wife Cried...

By WILLIAM G. WILCOX

THE FIRST EIGHT PARAGRAPHS of this piece were written more than one-and-a-half years ago after Blue Mountain, Mississippi, had been my home for more than two years. I was basically happy, although there was one main element in life which troubled my conscience until November 11, 1960, at 8:00 A.M., when my wife cried.

I tried to put into words, for my own edification, how a man indignant at certain of society's injustices could adjust and live at peace with himself. A comparison between my society and the society in the Soviet Union was an obvious vehicle, for in recent months it has been brought to the attention of the American public that the average Russian is not as unhappy and restless as we would like to think. Those unofficial ambassadors who have gone forth to see this poor-captive-oppressed-Russian citizen have reported that the mistreated Muscovite actually looks somewhat happy. It seems as if he is fairly well fed and clothed and does not live in constant fear of the salt mines after all. Most of us regard this as a bit of a disappointment. "How can this be?" we ask ourselves. We feel let-down, tricked, duped in some way because human nature is not seeking its "natural" freedom in a totalitarian society. These reflections on a personal experience may serve as a possible clue as to the happiness of an individual within a totalitarian society. By doing this, I do not mean to imply that the society in which I live is a totalitarian one, but I do wish to reflect upon the weight of society, or community pressure on the individual. It is also quite possible, although I have no facts to support my case, that the average Soviet citizen would not want to admit that his society was totalitarian either.

I have been a resident in the South for seven years. I am ready to report that I like life in Mississippi. My family is happy, my children enjoy their friends, they are making progress in the local public school, my teaching position is ideal for my temperament, and I seem to have won the friendship of those in the community around me. I am content, the world is good to me, but there is one thing that does not meet with my approval. I do not like the unequal treatment accorded to men and women of other than the "white race." Because I say that I do not like the unequal treatment given to non-whites does not mean that I am advocating the forcing of integration upon my earnestly protesting white neighbors. I know them, I value their friendship and understand their feelings too well to propose such a practice. It does mean that I would like to be a part of a society in which men of all races could live in harmony as equals. What is my program to help realize the ideal I hold? I have none and I do very little, if anything. I may make a silent protest or a subtle witness, but it has little effect on the total situation.

Why do I fail to take up the cudgel and thump for equality? Too much is at stake. The welfare of my family, the good name of my college in the community, my standing in the community and my effectiveness as a teacher are all involved. Thus when the subject arises in public conversation, ideas rush through my brain, words are formed on my lips, but in the end I am as silent as a scarecrow in a cornfield. I sit down to write a protest to an elected official, to a newspaper or a magazine, but the words do not come and my dissenting opinion is stillborn. Even as I write these lines I have within me a sense of foreboding. What will be the con-

sequences if by some unforeseen chance these words should get into print?

I reflect—am I a coward? Quite possibly. Yet, even more than that, I think that I am a man who is ninety per cent happy and only ten per cent unhappy, and I do not wish to reverse the percentages. If I protest, the happiness of my family may decline, my standing in the community may suddenly nudge zero, I may injure the reputation of my college—in fact, it could conceivably result in pressures that could cause me to resign. Thus, I tell myself, I will keep my peace. Besides, what good would be accomplished by a manifesto on racial equality issued by me? It would have little or no effect on the present situation other than the damage it would do to me and my family.

Could it be that the average Soviet citizen is caught in the same dilemma as this happy man? The average Soviet citizen has a family that is close to his heart and that needs his care and concern. He has a job and a lifetime career to consider. His living conditions are improving and progress is being made in a fashion he never dreamed possible. Why should he protest about something over which he has little control? Why should he jeopardize the present and future for himself and his family by trying to row against the tide?

The weight of social pressure is great. The concern for one's family and oneself causes him to repress the impulse to attempt to right social evils if they do not threaten him directly. One's own drive for security may cause him to become dumb in the face of controversial issues. Yet, even of greater moment seems to be one's own personal sense of well-being. If a man is predominantly happy, why should he undertake to launch a frontal attack on a social problem which will only yield to indirect pressure? Thus a silent protest and a subtle observation are his only break with the *status quo*.

If the community pressure is as great as this in a democratic society, what must it be in a totalitarian society? One does not

need to be watched by "big brother" nor does he need the constant shadowing of the secret police in order to insure his orthodoxy. Men are inherent gamblers and only a very small minority will venture out against prohibitive odds. Why should one risk what he has for something he may never receive when his essential well-being is not at stake?

Thus, this lately happy man penned his reflections and stored them away to be forgotten until the tears of a woman goaded his memory and upset the balance in his life. To the winds with reputation; he was determined to speak.

The incident that brought the tears is a simple one. An Oriental student presented herself for a practice teaching assignment in a North Mississippi elementary school. She was not allowed to teach because of a previous protest over an Oriental student's teaching white children which brought about a subsequent ruling by a school board seeking to stifle this criticism. The student involved was a charming, vivacious young woman, one that would be a credit to the teaching profession and an inspiration to children. I related the affair to my wife and she cried from indignation at the intolerance of the community. I was a relatively happy man until this occurred, following which I made a vow, not to be a knight in shining armor, but at least to avoid artful self-deception.

The object of my disquietude is not the principal of the school who acted in logical fashion and who is an able administrator, nor is it at a school board responding to community pressure, but at the community pressure which will brook no heterodoxy. Here is the tyrant in all areas—societal pressure. Khrushchev and Castro, Franco and Trujillo would vanish as thieves in the night if they could not ride on the crest of public opinion. The set of society is the altar before which men are prostrated and before which they disembowel themselves. Here is the dictator, the director of destinies.

Mississippi is, in many ways, an idyllic

place in which to live. Life has not been spoiled by many of the artificialities of the modern world. It is a relative haven for a white man, until he is faced by this bent of spirit, this set of society loosely termed as the southern way of life, and reduced to its basic ingredient of racial inequality. One may speak rationally, act in love, carry out the neighborly way of life until he runs counter to community pressure supporting racial inequality. In this area, society will not

tolerate the deviant nor will it accept the unorthodox.

I announce myself as unorthodox in this society. I will not be a part of forcing integration on my neighbors, for that is just as real a part of man's inhumanity to man as is forcing segregation on non-whites. I will, however, protest against this tyrant, the *bete noir*, the community pressure which is inimical to the best interests of all. Until my wife cried, I was a happy man.

The Basement Poor

By JANE YOLEN

*The basement poor of Chicago
And the garreted French
Have communal dreams
But not of doves
Clutching crooked leaves.*

*The posterpicture orphans
Whose bones starve through
Childhood beauty,
Ask western gods for
No testimonies, treaties, or truths,
But food.*

*New York Negroes and their
Nigger brothers of
Remus South
Sit in the rear of trashy minds
Wanting only
Front-row-center.*

*And ghettoed from the womb,
I throw mental bombs
At cathedrals,
Praying for a ceasefire
Of righteousness.*

*No wonder no one listens to the big words like
Peace and
Love
Which are too much and therefore
Nothing.*

War at least is concrete.

Charles Angoff: A Literary Profile

By HAROLD U. RIBALOW

TEN YEARS have now come and gone since Charles Angoff published his first novel about the Polonsky family. It was entitled *Journey to the Dawn* and I doubt that even its author suspected that the subject would take such fierce possession of him. For since that initial novel about Jews in America, Charles Angoff has produced seven more, and the end is not yet in sight. Mr. Angoff is now engaged upon volume nine, with volume number five recently issued. Six, seven, and eight are already in the hands of the courageous and faithful publisher, Thomas Yoseloff.

With the publication of *The Bitter Spring* (Thomas Yoseloff, 730 pp. \$5.95) the author shifts his sights somewhat and brings his hero, David Polonsky, to New York. Up to this point, he has been delineating the Americanization of a Jewish family—a large family, and like all good chroniclers, he remembers vividly every member of the clan, and he therefore already has introduced to us David Polonsky's hard-working father, his exhausted mother, his aunts and uncles, his grandparents, those who married into the family, and those who nearly did so. He has sat in on family meetings and conclaves; he has followed the economic ups and downs of everyone; he has listened to the gossip; he has absorbed the problems of sickness and bankruptcy; he has seen members take sick and die and others take sick and recover. He has given it all to us leisurely, intelligently, and with that artfulness that conceals art.

Unlike many contemporary novelists who write out of rebelliousness or hatred of their Jewish heritage or past, Charles Angoff likes being a Jew and the Jews he describes for us are, by and large, not peripheral, tortured intellectuals who reflect on the depth or shallowness of their Judaism. He is the poet

of the immigrant generation—those Jews who spoke Yiddish and read the *Forward*, who attended Zionist meetings, who were socialists, who were grateful for the freedom they found in America, even though they discovered no gold on the streets of Boston.

Charles Angoff is an old-fashioned writer. He likes to tell you a great deal about the men and women in his books. He wants you to know them, to feel their flesh, to probe their minds, to sympathize with them in their troubles, to dance with them at their weddings, and to mourn with them at their funerals. So he has set for himself what at first appears to be an impossible task. He wants to convey, within fictional form, the entire Jewish-American experience. Thomas Wolfe wanted to do the same thing for the total American experience; but where Wolfe bogged down in rhetoric (and often beautiful rhetoric), Angoff doggedly spins his tales, informs you of the history of his people, and then, in his detailing of their daily lives, you understand them and begin to live with them.

This is not "a chunk of life." It is the whole loaf. And sometimes the reader does not feel like eating too much at a single sitting. But that is all right, too. The novelist can wait for you to catch up with him. He has time; and this is important. Remember it: he has time. He will not be rushed. But he doesn't linger needlessly. He simply has a long tale to unfold, in his own fashion, and nothing will dissuade him from following his own selected path.

But you have to get used to this style, which seems styleless. When David Polonsky attends Harvard and is dissatisfied with some of his professors, Angoff does not merely tell you about it. He recreates the classroom, repeats the debates, and leaves the rest to you. When, in *Between Day and*

Dark, the fourth volume in this sequence, David goes out to work on a newspaper in the local Boston area, you meet—together with David—the characters in the area: the firemen, the cops, the newspapermen, the rabbi, and the priest.

Thus, in time, you will have it all—all of Jewish life, encompassed within the confines of one man's body of work. Curiously, these books have a strange power, even when they appear to be plotless. In one of the early volumes, David sits in a hospital waiting-room, wondering whether or not his father has a cancerous growth. Eventually, everything turns out well. But the developing tension is made possible only because we, who have met and known his father, care deeply about the man, and care about the impact of the father upon the boy. In a later novel, Angoff introduces us to a newspaperman whose entire career is fraudulent. He does not tell us this; he demonstrates it by quoting the man's work, by showing up his emptiness. It is a devastating portrait largely because it is a spacious one, as big as life, painted on a large canvas with careful colors.

Again, unlike many of the younger writers—who simply do not have the knowledge, compassion, and mature wisdom of Charles Angoff—he deals with freedom and ease with Jewish issues. As David Polonsky grows up and moves through the world, he meets pious Jews and Reform Jews and indifferent Jews and self-hating Jews. David himself, however, absorbs the peacefulness of an Orthodox synagogue; he enjoys listening to a cantor; he speaks of the "Jewish" gift for the violin. He knows how to describe a family gathering and quotes copiously from Jewish sources of wisdom and knowledge. One might argue whether this or that book by Saul Bellow or Norman Mailer is or is not "Jewish." This question will not arise when Angoff's novels are under discussion. It is impossible for them to have been written by anyone but a Jew.

The Bitter Spring stands less on its own than the other novels do. By this time, too many of the characters are old friends of

veteran readers. If you begin with this title, you will be walking in on a family you do not quite know. Your best approach to the novels of Charles Angoff is to begin at the beginning. But even in this volume, long and discursive though it is, there are some remarkable pages.

As the story commences, David Polonsky has come to New York to work for Harry Brandt, editor of the *American World*, the most influential monthly magazine of the 1920's. Quite obviously, Brandt is H. L. Mencken and the journal is the *American Mercury*. Because this novel is more than 700 pages long, Angoff has the time and the space to develop the character of Brandt through his long monologues—opinionated, sharp, vulgar, entertaining. Although he once wrote an entire book about Mencken, the man emerges more clearly here because he is seen through the eyes of a character we know well and with whom we have lived through four earlier books.

Angoff's observations on the influence of the *Mercury*, on the reasons for its decline (listed in his biography on Mencken as well), and his own role on the magazine present us with a slice of American periodical history which should be of enormous value to the social historians who do not, as a rule, read fiction. His opinions of writers, too, should be of interest, for Angoff is, apart from being a creative writer, a teacher, critic, and literary historian.

Quite apart from the story of the *Mercury*, or the *American World*, as it is called here, *The Bitter Spring* has other interests as well. For now David Polonsky is moving in two worlds—the sophisticated literary world of New York and the world of the Jewish immigrant and intellectual in the city. He moves about in both worlds and tries to find his own way in both. In the literary world, he meets Jennings (George Jean Nathan) and others who are drawn recognizably from life. He learns to accept Christians who marry Jews, and he develops tolerance for Jews who reject their heritage. In the Jewish world, he discovers that the search for truth is not as smooth as it was in Europe for

the pious. Meanwhile, Angoff describes the Jewish community and the men and women who people it. He writes of the Depression and of the Wall Street crash. He depicts the cooling relationship between David and Alice, his girl from Boston, who is becoming a social climber and is bothered by David's Jewish intensity. He introduces us to Sylvia, a new girl who seems to understand the groping David. And always, behind the new world, behind the short stories and articles he selects or rejects for the magazine, there remains the family. And it is apparent that the family will, in the as-yet-unpublished novels, remain important to his life and mind.

I sometimes reflect upon the reasons why Charles Angoff's novels are less known or critically appreciated than the books by lesser writers whose names pop up in *Commentary* and *Partisan Review* with deadening regularity. The current, young writers surely are not particularly prolific. They produce a single novel, a sheaf of short stories, laboriously collected after many years, and they are hailed and praised by the Alfred Kazins and Leslie Fiedlers. Angoff produces his long, solid works of fiction—which generally are well reviewed—to the silence of the Kazins and Fiedlers. One reason may be that

the Jewish literary critics—Jewish by birth but not by inclination—are uneasy in the face of such confident and assured writing and such deep knowledge. They are more comfortable commenting on novelists as Jewishly ignorant as themselves.

Moreover, Angoff's novels demand the devotion of the reader, a commitment of faith and emotion. They are Jewish books, deeply so, and I doubt that they are read, in any great numbers, by non-Jews. There is no way of knowing, of course, and this is pure speculation. But I can readily see that the *Exodus* reader and the *Marjorie Morningstar* reader might be bewildered by the Angoff novels, for the Angoff books are the real thing. They are not over-dramatic; they are not concerned, as *Marjorie* is for much of its length, with the question of virginity. They are concerned with Jewish survival and patterns of Jewish life in America. I fear that only Jews truly care about this—and not all of them, either. This may be a major reason why so fine a series has not won the national acclaim it deserves.

But Charles Angoff is still working, still publishing and gaining friends and readers, even if slowly. Before he is done, we may hope that his books will win national attention. They deserve it.

THE CROWDED CRY

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

*This is the season of torment
and surrender. The change is Old
A sort of sinking. And the blue lake
is hopelessly overrun by rain.
In that pause of contemplation
The cold hours recollect selected
Chants of deep childhood.*

*A rush of leaves—and we share
The subtle motions of their flight.
Where are they all flying?
In the beginning the distance was
Dedicated to Sun and sound. Now, the Shofar,
Exactor of their miles records once more
The crowded cry beyond this aged Congregation.*

The Rule of Law in World Affairs*

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

TENNYSON WROTE of the time when "the battle-flags were furl'd in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World." There have been several times since those lines were penned when some had the notion that we were on the edge of having a full-fledged world parliament. The illusion always was dispelled; and cynics rested more secure than ever in the smugness of their brand of nationalism. Yet the world has made greater progress than we are prone to think in developing important parts of the framework of a world system of law.

We have had in this country among legal circles a narrow, limited view of law. Thomas Hobbes in 1651 published the *Leviathan* in which he took what became a rather classic but restricted idea of law—that a "sovereign" is the source of all law. This meant, in Hobbes' view, that "equity, justice," or other "qualities that dispose men to peace and obedience" are "not properly laws." John Austin gave the Hobbes philosophy great impetus. Several generations of lawyers have been influenced by Austin and his book, *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, first published in 1832, where law in the strict sense was defined as the body of rules enforced by a sovereign state. World law, in that view, requires a full-fledged superstate in which all nations are merged—a supranational organization that has political and military control over all of its units. Under this view world government would require perhaps a more centralized organization than that proposed by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn in their important book, *World*

Peace Through World Law. Yet, as Roscoe Pound observed in a chapter in Northrop's *Ideological Differences and World Order*, "all states need not be merged in a great world state, in which their personality is lost, in order that their conduct may be inquired into and ordered by authority of a world legal order." Moreover, the true gauge of law is not command but conduct. Those who move to the measured beat of custom, mores, or community or world mandates are obeying law in a real and vivid sense of the term. Law is a force that shapes and moulds the affairs of men. The fact that there may be no court to enforce a rule of conduct does not prove that no international law exists. As Professor A. L. Goodhart said, "Law has frequently existed before the particular courts of the State have been created."¹

No institution springs full-blown from the pens of draftsmen. Every institution is the expression of need and of experience; it may evolve slowly; its periods of growth may be separated by decades. The cohesive force may be linguistic, economic, religious, military. Reason alone may also be the instrument. For the latter we need not look far. The United Nations is today the expression of world opinion that the cult or regime of force must be replaced by a measure of world law. The United Nations has a far greater prestige and stature, I think, than it could have been expected to acquire in such a short period since its formation.

Mr. Justice Holmes said in 1895, "Now, at least, and perhaps as long as man dwells upon the globe, his destiny is battle, and he has to take his chances with war."² That

* A condensation of a contribution bearing the same title and published by Justice Douglas under the auspices of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California, February, 1961.

1. "The Legality of the Nuremberg Trials," 58 *Juridical Rev.* 1, 9.

2. Lerner, *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes*, 1943, 19-20.

viewpoint has dominated men's thinking for centuries. Yet it deserves no enduring place in any decalogue. For man is capable of great cooperative efforts in peace as well as in war. Love and the instinct for preservation of life—these are even deeper in man's character than violence. William James in *The Moral Equivalent of War* wrote in 1910, "When whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the sciences of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity." Nuclear war surpasses that prophecy. The physicists have told us how obsolete the cult of force, armed with nuclear weapons, has become. Harrison Brown and James Real, in their paper, "Community of Fear,"³ show how and why this country could today probably be utterly destroyed by less than a 20,000 megaton attack.

We hear of proposals to put us all underground. We are told that we could sustain a loss of 20 million people and rebuild our economy in ten years.⁴ But we know that as bombs get bigger and bigger we would have to go deeper and deeper into our holes. Factories, stores, apartments, houses, etc., would be all underground. Man's journey from the caves to the light would be ended; man would revert to his Mousterian condition of tens of thousands of years ago. Today there are only a few nations that have these nuclear weapons. In ten to twenty years how many nations will not have the secret? We are told that there will be at least fifteen nations producing nuclear weapons in the 1960's, including Red China.

What are the chances that there will be a nuclear war? A military analyst says that during the next ten years the chances of a nuclear conflict, based either on diplomatic miscalculations or on a limited war's becoming an all-out war, are 50-50. Diplomatic miscalculations and the spread of a limited war are only two of several factors. What

about accidents in defense systems such as false radar readings, faulty intelligence, misinterpretations of military orders, and the like? What about human errors, such as aberrant bombers or missiles, irresponsible commanders, or sabotage from within our own ranks? When atomic bombs, as a result of new discoveries, get into "the ten dollar" class, what international gangster will be without one? What Hitler will appear with mad dreams? What adventurer will think he may be able to pull it off so that he in truth runs the world? What leader with cold calculation may be willing to sacrifice twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, a hundred million, or even more of his own people to gain leverage on the whole world through a sudden nuclear attack?

Rational people the world over are disturbed by these thoughts. Reason, as well as fear, is propelling them to place their hopes in joint action to protect the very earth from being so poisoned by radioactive fall-out that human life is jeopardized or even ended.

We are told of new dangers by such experts as Dr. Abel Wolman of Johns Hopkins, who in his 1959 testimony before Congress showed that even peaceful use of nuclear energy poses staggering problems. As of 1959 we in this country had 65 million gallons of high activity radioactive water in storage. By 1980 he estimates that these by-products of the peaceful use of nuclear energy will amount to from one to three hundred million gallons. By 1980 these storage waters will have about 10 billion curies; i.e., they will emit the same number of alpha rays per unit of time as 10 billion grams of radium. These wastes cannot be detected by human taste or odor. Their life is long—perhaps a thousand years, perhaps longer. Failure to control what we store today may lead to vast human disasters next year, a hundred years hence, or in the far distant centuries. Will concrete containers buried in the ocean last that long? What is the life of stainless steel that holds these wastes? Can they be disposed of in the ionosphere? These are problems that con-

3. Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

4. Kahn, *On Thermonuclear War*, 1960.

cern the experts. As Dr. Wolman testified, the problem "will require a deep governmental supervision, a very long, continued, and uninterrupted supervision over the fate and location of these materials." As of 1960 no nation in the world has found a solution to disposal of these high-level radioactive wastes.

What is the amount other nations have stored? What will the world total be in 1980? We do not know. But we do know this is a problem the international community shares.

Fission by-products may be temporarily disgorged in the stratosphere or sunk deep in the oceans. But they eventually return to plague the skies, the shores, and the waters of every country. Plainly, international regulatory action will soon be necessary. Only supranational action can save all of us—white, black, brown, yellow—from the new perils generated by these new engineering achievements.

Another force, though of lesser proportions, is at work bringing the nations together. We witness in this half of the century a great emergence of new nations. Fifteen new African nations plus Cyprus were admitted to the United Nations at its recent meeting. Centuries of colonialism have ended; nations or races long subjugated by outside regimes are gaining their independence. They are weak, inexperienced, fragile. They came into their inheritances at a time when world forces are aligned into powerful blocs that might make these new countries pawns in the old game of power politics. Many at least remember the old African proverb, "When the bull elephant fights, the grass is trampled down." Moreover, none wants to become either a puppet of an imperialistic regime or a Communist satellite. Neither alternative is attractive to those young nations. If independence is to be kept, as well as achieved, they must have a refuge, a sanctuary where they can feel secure. The United Nations satisfies that craving for security. And its early success in the Congo, in protecting the new nation from the internal machinations of foreign

powers, dramatized its usefulness as nothing else at this juncture of history could do.

One handicap of the United Nations today is that it excludes groups that should be included. With the admission of Nigeria the number of members has reached ninety-nine. Red China is still excluded. Yet Red China, in which nearly a fourth of the people of the world live, is apparently more than a transitory government. She is established more firmly than a mere *de facto* regime. Prof. Tuzo Wilson of Toronto University in *One Chinese Moon* (1959) makes startling disclosures as to her progress in science. We can assume she will have her own atomic warheads before long. Meanwhile she is an obstreperous, aggressive nation. Her tactics against India have added up to calculated aggression. While she was talking peace and friendship, she actually was annexing Indian territory in northern Ladakh. Her tactics against Tibet have exceeded in ruthlessness and cruelty the actions of Russia in Hungary. Tibet—never rightfully a province of China in spite of several centuries of Chinese propaganda—has been cruelly incorporated into it. The Buddhist church has been all but exterminated. The priests have been executed or put into labor battalions. A fierce regimentation has been placed on the people. A proud and independent nation of two million Tibetans has been transformed into a servile province by the invasion of six million Chinese.⁵

These Tibetan and Indian ventures on the part of Red China make her an outlaw in any accurate use of the word. Being an outlaw may seem in logic to be a reason for barring her from the United Nations. But in reality how can an outlaw be kept outside the United Nations and yet disciplined by it? There is today no tribunal to which Red China can be made to account. There is no assembly or council before which she can be summoned.

Traditionally, "recognition" of a government did not necessarily imply approval of its regime. President Grant said in 1875 con-

5. See Moraes, *The Revolt in Tibet*, 1960.

cerning the recognition of Cuba that in such a case "other nations simply deal with an actually existing condition of things, and recognize as one of the powers of the earth that body politic which, possessing the necessary elements, has, in fact, become a new power. In a word, the creation of a new state is a fact."⁶ That reflected the traditional view. The historic tests have been (1) whether a government exists independent of another state, and (2) whether it has internal stability and is a functioning government.⁷ By Jefferson's standards a government was to be recognized if it represented "the will of the nation, substantially declared."⁸

Cold practicalities make admission of Red China necessary, accompanied, of course, by a settlement of the many tangled but pressing problems between this country and Red China. What about the Americans held as prisoners by Peiping? What about the Korean and Vietnam situations, and Formosa? Today these problems fester and worsen. It is time that we undertook political settlements of them. The peace of the world may soon turn on them. In any event, a United Nations that is such a fact must be able to bring its influence to bear on all world problems that affect the peace or that impair the integrity of nations. Today we can say no more than that the United Nations is a form emerging from the mists. What shape it will have in the bright hours of man's maturity we do not yet know. It is, however, real, vivid, and effective in providing some instruments of international law.

The United Nations has weathered stormy seas. On June 27, 1950, when the Security Council at the initiative of President Truman resolved to furnish such assistance "to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack" by North Korea and "to restore international peace and security in the area," world opinion stood behind it. The Communist bloc was of

course opposed. But the forty-odd nations approved. India's views represented perhaps the common denominator of thinking in all capitals, for she stated that she was "opposed to any attempt to settle international disputes by resort to aggression."⁹

This indeed was a new principle of international law which had been forged by experience. It is embodied in the Charter of the United Nations: "to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace." The United Nations action in Korea was the first time the outlawry of aggression was implemented by direct, military action by the community of nations. Aggressive war had become too dangerous to the world community to be allowed; so it was denounced, and joint action was taken to bring forceful sanctions against it. This was noble, principled, responsible action that gave power and force to a newly forged tenet of international law.

We do not have in this instance the kind of question stirred in the Nuremberg and Tokyo trials—whether the law was in application *ex post facto*.¹⁰ For the Charter announced in explicit terms that aggressive war was outlawed. And the argument that the action of the Security Council was unconstitutional, by standards of the Charter, because Soviet Russia absented herself was frivolous. The argument turned on whether the Charter required both the presence and concurrence of permanent members of the Security Council to validate United Nations action, or whether it required only concurrence if present and participating. Accepted canons of interpretation point toward the latter interpretation, not least because it is the one which gives vitality to the United Nations as an effective organization.¹¹

9. Yearbook, United Nations 1950, 224.

10. See Ireland, "Ex Post Facto From Rome to Tokyo," 21 Temple Law Quarterly 26; Goodhart, *op. cit.*

11. See McDougal and Gardner, "The Veto and the Charter," 60 Yale Law Journal 258; McDougal, "International Law, Power and Policy," *Academy of International Law*, 1953, 137, 155-157.

6. Moore, *International Law*, 107.

7. Lauterpacht, "Recognition of States in International Law," 53 Yale Law Journal 385.

8. Hyde, *International Law*, 161.

The aftermath confused the simple, clear-cut issue before the Security Council. The Soviets soon denounced the United Nations police action in Korea as "war"—a "war" that the United States inspired and conducted under the cloak of the United Nations. Eisenhower, in his campaign speech of September 4, 1952, gave ammunition to the Soviets. He too called the police action in Korea a "war." The expediency of American politics caused the vital distinction between United Nations "police action" and "war" to become blurred and confused. We stepped backwards, retreating temporarily from the principal decision that "aggressive war" called for world action against the aggressor.

Since those days we have regained some of the lost ground. On November 2, 1956, the General Assembly voted 64 to 5 for a cease-fire on the actions undertaken against Egypt. Later that month it created an international command force of the United Nations to supervise the cessation of hostilities; and in a matter of a few days hostilities ceased.

When the Republic of the Congo asked for help from the United Nations to maintain its government from the machinations of a foreign power, and when, in response, the Security Council on July 13, 1960 resolved to extend that aid, the principle of the independence of nations was strengthened. Protection of a nation against aggression from without was extended to protection against any form of intervention by a foreign power. The action of the United Nations in the Congo plus the defeat of Soviet efforts to sabotage it and capitalize on the disorder and chaos have brought United Nations prestige to a new high. There is warrant for the optimism that its growing achievements presage a new period of growth for effective international law. And this will remain so, whatever happens in the Congo. The United Nations has played an essential role there. What is at stake now is the effect of a long stay of outside forces in a nation that cannot find its leaders, the purity of motives of all participants, and the continued faith of the

majority of the nations in the United Nations personnel. But the principle that the United Nations stands ready to protect a people in their right to run their own affairs and that the troops sent there are engaged in "police action" in the cause of peace rather than in "war" has promise of becoming a sturdy one in international law.

* * *

As the world is evolving, there are few, if any, nations that can go it alone. None is an isolated, insulated unit. Sovereignty may in theory be entirely in local hands, yet the very need for raw materials or food or loans or technicians from abroad creates a dependency on other nations. There are not many examples of self-sufficiency, as our own economy illustrates.

The dependency of nations on each other is developing international collectivism in myriad forms. This is a healthy growth of collectivism of which the free world is a part. It is, indeed, one of the aims of the United Nations as expressed in Article I, "to achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character." The development of supranational institutions of an administrative character will in time result in the emergence of patterns or codes of administrative procedure.

Whenever nations work together through a common agency, they submit to a regime of international law. The European countries and the South American countries which have established common markets work conspicuously in the role of supranational groups. When the Inner Six and Outer Seven conduct business, a rule of law that is international in character moves into operation.

There is a rather unusual international agency that was established in 1954 and known as the International Control Commission. It was created by the Geneva Conference at which France and the People's Army of Vietnam agreed on a cessation of hostilities. The International Control Commission was composed of members from Canada, India, and Poland. It served an

important function in supervising the end of the war in Vietnam. It—or another agency like it—could be asked to mediate an end to other civil wars. Its usefulness in situations such as Laos presented in the winter of 1960 was obvious. Laos, closer to China than Cuba is to us, is an inflammatory situation. If it is anything other than a neutral nation, it will create endless friction. Canada, England, and India were anxious for the International Control Commission to mediate the Laos situation in the fall of 1960. Eisenhower's State Department and Pentagon were against it. Millions were poured into Laos in an effort to make it a pro-Western beachhead. Power politics were again substituted for a rule of law.

The tolls with which we can evolve a "rule of law" into a more mature system are at hand. There is only the will to use them. Why do nations hold back? Why are we not willing to take the lead in inaugurating a truly golden age for international law? We could, I think, do it, if we asserted the moral leadership of which we so often boast. We need more commitment and less lip service. World opinion is ready to be marshaled. Small nations quiver on the sidelines as they watch giant rivals spar, threaten, and shake their nuclear fists. The world is filled with such a sense of insecurity that for the first time in history solid foundations for a "rule of law" can be laid.

There are of course great gulfs between the law, customs, and mores which we of the West accept as normal and which other parts of the world practice. One of our major errors, as we emerged from a century and a half of isolationism, was to think of the world as if it were made in our image; at times we even thought that the non-conformists should be remade in our image. The advanced form of democracy which we enjoy, which Europe for the most part represents, which flourishes in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and which is taking sturdy hold in India and Israel, is largely unknown in the world. Many societies developed along family lines, not community lines. Familial, not democratic, regimes have

shaped the affairs of many Asian countries for centuries. As recently stated, "All these non-Western native societies are family-centered and tribal-centered rather than nation-centered and contractually guided in their binding social organization and in their moral and religious loyalties. Not only is the family and the tribe the basic locus and transmitter of moral, political and even religious authority and value, but within the family the rule of the elder, as determined by biological birth, often constitutes the good."¹² It is a familial, not a democratic, type of regime that governs Formosa today. Pakistan is making modest advances toward a democratic society. Turkey has great promise. Indonesia is holding most political experiments in abeyance.

African tribes hold much of the land in trust for the people. "The community (for the most part) takes care of the indigent, and everybody belongs to somebody."¹³ Yet tribal life is breaking up; about 40 million have left their tribes and sought new lives in villages and cities. These transitions promise turmoil and unrest. Chaos may indeed mount in the Congo.

Africa apart, there are great diversities among nations. The dictatorships of the Communist world as opposed to the democracies of the West mark only some of the differences. There are absolute monarchies, dictatorships that have been long and enduring, military regimes that may be short interregnums, and democracies at various stages of development. Capitalism, socialism, communism, compete for followers. The goals and ideals are many and diverse.

Much of the world is illiterate. Across the Middle East and in Asia illiteracy is the rule. Ethiopia is 98 per cent illiterate. Liberia—which we often think of as an American stepchild—has a literacy rate no higher than 10 per cent. That represents the African average. Leaders in these countries must make bricks without straws. The question is not, will democracy be saved? It is, will

12. Northrop, *Philosophical Anthropology and Practical Politics*, 1960, 214.

13. Gunther, *Inside Africa*, 1953, 890.

democracy ever be born? If democracy emerges in the hinterland, it will be in the distant future.

The vast gulfs that exist between various world cultures mean that the common ground for world law will be narrow and selective. It starts, of course, with the rule against aggressive war; and it proceeds from there to all the stuff which treaties, contracts, commercial engagements, investments, travel, communication, and the like shape up into controversies. There are only limited areas where today we can rightfully say common ground can be found. Yet they are important, indeed critical, ones; and they will expand as the peoples of the world work with their newly emerging institutions of law and gain confidence in them.

We are at an impasse at a global level which every nation in its history has experienced at local levels. In the Civil War, Missouri was a military department governed by the army. It was torn with factionalism; bandits prowled the highways; guerrillas raided. Lincoln, in the words of Carl Sandburg, "voiced a faith in humanity not easy to apply in Missouri at that hour."¹⁴ Lincoln wrote to the military governor of Missouri about the "destruction of life and property" in that area and the formula for ending it: "A large majority in every locality must feel alike upon this subject; and if so, they only need to reach an understanding, one with another. Each leaving all others alone solves the problem; and surely each would do this but for his apprehension that others will not leave him alone. Cannot this mischievous distrust be removed?"

The problems of the world in the 1960's are those of Missouri in the 1860's—magnified many fold. And the philosophy of the United Nations toward world affairs is that of Lincoln toward the regional conflicts and clashes of his day.

Some have the lingering notion that wars without nuclear weapons can be fought—if only nuclear weapons are abolished. That is dangerous thinking. Now that the art of

making them is known, they could be quickly manufactured even though all were destroyed. They are so strategically important that they would tempt any participant. Once war broke out, a frantic race would be on to manufacture again the outlawed nuclear weapons. The side that won that race would have the opponent at its mercy. We know now that nuclear war risks all life on each continent that is involved, and perhaps all other life as well. That means that the central problem of this day is the prevention of war.

The Charter of the United Nations contains a resolve on the part of the people "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind." Effective prevention of war means disarmament. Partial disarmament is a sham except insofar as it leads to the establishment of procedures which can be extended to full disarmament. The danger of partial disarmament is that each side aims to keep the weapon—or weapons—that best suits its strategic position. Russia, for example, would gladly trade atomic bombs for tanks, since with tanks she could still dominate the land mass of which she is the center. Pursuit of peace at this stage means making the search for fool-proof disarmament the first item on the international agenda. Walter Millis in his challenging work, "A World Without War,"¹⁵ shows that a viable world could easily exist if war were actually abolished and never again became an instrument of national power.

The arrival of disarmament and the end of war would not of course mean the advent of peace in the sense that there would be a disappearance of conflict. Great antagonisms would persist. Disputes would continue; nations would press their claims for justice. Clash and conflict are present in every community. They exist in virulent form at the world level and will continue. War from time out of mind has been one of the remedies for real or fancied wrongs. Now that it

14. Abraham Lincoln: *The War Years*, Vol. IV, 100.

15. Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

is obsolete, the rule of law remains as the only alternative. This is not an expression of hope alone. We have in truth the sturdy roots of a rule of law, including a few of the procedures which human ingenuity has devised for resolving disputes, including conciliation and mediation, arbitration, administrative settlement, and judicial determination. The rule of law is versatile and creative. It can devise new remedies to fit international needs as they may arise. The rule of law has at long last become indispensable for men as well as for nations. Now that the instruments of destruction have become so awesome that war can no longer be tolerated, the rule of law is our only alternative to mass destruction.

We need to return to the philosophy of our Declaration of Independence, which was summed up by Carl Becker as follows: "At its best it preached toleration in place of persecution, good-will in place of hate, peace in place of war. It taught that beneath all local and temporary diversity, beneath

the superficial traits and talents that distinguish men and nations, all men are equal in the possession of a common humanity; and to the end that concord might prevail on the earth instead of strife, it invited men to promote in themselves the humanity which bound them to their fellows, and to shape their conduct and their institutions in harmony with it."¹⁶

There is no reason for us to get tangled up in legalisms that march inexorably to the conclusion that total and complete sovereignty must be retained. For we now know that when that claim is pressed by all nations, everyone faces extinction in a nuclear holocaust. We believe as a people that we have an "unalienable" right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; and it is increasingly apparent that our governing agencies must have sufficient freedom in policy-making and in action to assure us that right.

16. *The Declaration of Independence*, 1942, 278.

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Afternoon at the Sisterhood

By HERBERT SWARTZ

USUALLY, Mrs. Kaplan took a street car to the sisterhood meetings, getting off at Choate's Corner to look at some of the women's shops before walking the two blocks to Temple Ben Zion. As it happened, Mr. Kaplan was at home—finally complying with his doctor's advice: "At your age, Saul, the next attack will be the last. Stay home a few days during the week. The office will get along without you. . . ."—and he drove his wife to the two-building center that was clearly the best architectural creation of Newline's nine temples. Mrs. Kaplan had remarked to her husband that this latter fact was only fitting, since Ben Zion was also the only conservative synagogue in the town. They were a few minutes early when they reached the high brown doors fronting directly on Kenmore Avenue, and Saul drove around the block to let his wife off at the meeting-house side of the temple.

"I still think it would be all right if you came," she said, as he pulled alongside the curbing. "I know Hannah Silver said Jesse might come. It wouldn't be the first time one of the husbands was at a meeting."

"No, really, Mary, not with all those women!"

"But I'm sure this Mrs. Kalin must have met Stephen; I understand she was there almost two months this last visit. I know the women would love to have you. I mean, they all know about Stephen."

"Two months, huh! Another expert. I wonder how little time you have to spend in Israel before you're allowed to lecture on the place? Heck! we've been there at least twice that much already. Maybe that's what I could start doing in my spare time—give lectures on Israel." He had a tendency to

squint with his left eye ever since the last attack, and when he spoke he rolled his head to let the open right eye see the effect of his words. Their life-long struggle to curb his sarcasm, fruitless at that, made him jittery lately when he talked with her; and he wished she would hurry up and get out of the car.

"Well, all right," she answered. "I think Bess Horwitz has her car, but I'll call you if I get stuck. Now you won't go out, will you?"

"No, no. The new COMMENTARY came. I'm going to read that this afternoon."

In the meeting house, Mrs. Kaplan deposited her coat on one of the tables in the vacant dining room, getting a coat check from the recognized Gentile janitor who stood directly beneath the No Tipping sign. She didn't like the dining room at times like this—the tables uncovered and empty. It seemed cruel to her that these abandoned pieces of wood, so gaily covered and decorated for Bar Mitzvahs or weddings, were so desolate underneath it all. She was glad the various brown furs laid out carefully two coats to a table, with an occasional black or gray persian lamb mixed in, were beginning to brighten the room.

"Mary, how are you?" Dot Lowenstein greeted Mrs. Kaplan as she entered the meeting hall. "Did Fanny come with you?" Fanny was Mrs. Kaplan's widowed sister who went out rarely but did attend a couple of the sisterhood meetings a year.

"No, she's not feeling too well this week. Saul drove me down. . . ."

"Oh! how's he feeling?"

"Good, good, thank God. As long as he takes it easy, he doesn't have any trouble," Mrs. Kaplan said.

"Uhm! what a shame. If he's home, he could have come to hear Mrs. Kalin." In case the meaning of her words was unclear, which it wasn't, Mrs. Lowenstein punctuated them by flipping open a hand high in front of her body, bringing a shoulder and her head closer together, pursing her lips, raising her eyebrows, and puffing out a cheek.

"Well, it's the sisterhood, so he didn't feel right about it."

But before Mrs. Lowenstein could make her comment that such reluctance was foolish, Betty Baker joined them and began describing her newest granddaughter.

"Mary, have you met my daughter-in-law?" Mrs. Baker asked, when a slender girl with deep brown eyes and a low forehead came up to take Mrs. Baker's arm.

"No, I don't believe so," Mrs. Kaplan said.

"Nancy, this is Mrs. Kaplan—Eugene's wife."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Kaplan?"

"Nancy, Mrs. Kaplan is the woman, you know, I was telling you about whose son lives in Israel. Isn't that wonderful!"

"Oh, yes. Eugene has told me about it also. He knew your son, though I guess he was a little bit older. Probably from school I think. You must be very proud, Mrs. Kaplan?"

"Yes, naturally. And congratulations on your new baby, Nancy. Your mother-in-law was just telling me what a beautiful. . . ." It was nice, Mrs. Kaplan thought, having younger women in the sisterhood. It was good to get them interested in Jewish things. Arline had joined the sisterhood right after she married Stephen, and without Mrs. Kaplan having made even the slightest hint. She was conscientious, too. Some of the younger ones slacked off as soon as they had a baby. Not Arline, though. Even with two small babies. . . .

"Excuse me a minute, will you please?" Mrs. Kaplan broke in as Mrs. Lowenstein was speaking, having noticed Lil Cooper by

the serving table. "I want to see Lil before the meeting starts."

"Lil, how are you?" Mrs. Kaplan said, crossing. "I did want to tell you how much better I'm enjoying the book now that I'm getting into it a little more. It's amazing though. How could he have ever gotten all that information?"

"Fine. Yes, isn't it." Mrs. Cooper was occupied taking coffee cups out of a wire holder and putting them on the saucers spread out on the shaky rectangular table covered by a white tablecloth that draped far over all four sides. "Ah, there we are," and she returned the holder to the toothless man in a white coat who had carried it out from the kitchen.

"It's quite impressive, Mary, isn't it? According to the papers, it took him almost twelve years to get all the material. It's certainly keeping me busy. You know, I was wondering, I don't see how in the world I'm going to be ready to give the book review next week. I've got so much work to do yet, and on top of everything else David and Susan are driving in from New York for the week-end with the children, and Sidney may have to go away to Cleveland for a couple of days, so Diane said she'd bring the baby and move in for a few days. It's wonderful to have your grandchildren around, but when all those infants start screaming at the same time I'd just as soon they come a little less. As long as I can visit them in their house, that's enough. But anyway, I was thinking of calling the rest of the girls and putting the meeting off for at least a few days. Of course, if it's too inconvenient I could always talk on a few more of Malamud's stories."

Mrs. Kaplan was going to answer, though she wasn't certain as to which alternative, when Mrs. Abrams appeared on the stage with Mrs. Kalin, and she and Mrs. Cooper hurried to take their seats in the fold-up wooden chairs lined up in front of the speaker's platform. Mrs. Abrams, who was serving her third term as president of the sisterhood, went through the usual round of

pre-introduction announcements: there would be a children-and-mother service this Saturday morning; the next sisterhood meeting would be held two weeks from this coming Friday; the next scheduled meeting would have Elliot Rinton who would speak on "The Meaning of the New Administration"; the women responsible for this week's refreshments were Mrs. Eleanor Levine and Mrs. Toby Shapiro; the sisterhood's charity drive has now collected \$4,657.83 in the last eight months; there were three new members of the sisterhood for whom this was their first meeting; flowers were sent by the sisterhood to the funeral of Mrs. Cynthia Pearlman, one of the founders of the sisterhood; for those interested, the speaker at next week's brotherhood meeting would be Professor Harold Merkin; etc., etc.

"Now, it is my pleasure at this time to introduce Mrs. Isaac Kalin, our speaker for this afternoon. Mrs. Kalin, who now makes her home in New York City with her husband, two sons, and a daughter, was born in Israel some forty-five years ago. After studying at the. . ."

Mrs. Kalin was a thin, plain, unattractive woman with short scraggly hair. She spoke in fast, clipped tones—a female John Kennedy, Mrs. Kaplan mused—with the barest trace of an English accent. She moved about the dais with quick abrupt movements, and it was apparent that her emotional and mental zeal for the Jewish homeland did not lack for physical assistance. To hear Mrs. Kalin, it seemed she had managed to visit every Kibbutz in Israel, interview every member of the Knesset—all but take part in the filming of EXODUS, and scare off a few marauding Arab raiders; but of course she had been there *only* two months. When she finished, in a little less than thirty minutes, Mrs. Kaplan couldn't help wondering if even someone like herself, who had been thrice to Israel, and even supposing she had held the map of the country spread out before her, could have followed the geography of Mrs. Kalin's itinerary.

After a brief pause for Mrs. Kalin to drink

some water, there was a question period, and the woman generously answered all queries for over an hour. "Yes, girls are still serving in the Israeli Army. . . . It is anticipated that Yael Dayan will write a second book—No, Ben Gurion did not tell her specifically whom he would have rather seen elected, but—Yes, Paul Newman is an extremely handsome person in real life. . . ."

While the women were standing about, drinking tea and eating the little white cakes, Mrs. Kaplan searched for Lil Cooper; she had made her decision: Malamud and the regular meeting. When she found Mrs. Cooper, they decided that would no doubt be best because a lot of the other women probably hadn't had time to read the book either.

"I'm having an awfully difficult time with it," Mrs. Gold agreed when they happened to bump into her. "I may never get it read if things don't stop coming up with my daughter-in-law. Believe me, it's better if the children don't live too close. Why, last week, can you imagine what she did, and my dumb son Henry lets her get away with it yet? Well, it seems that they had this babysitter. . . ."

"How does Maurice like working for Dade's?" Mrs. Kaplan inquired of Mrs. Gold's other son when the woman was finished.

"That's certainly a wonderful concern—the way they've grown," said Mrs. Gold. "Maurice just got a wonderful promotion. He's a branch manager now—and all after just two years."

"Oh, how grand! I know Saul always said that if a young man stayed with them he couldn't help but. . . ."

"Mrs. Kaplan! Mrs. Kaplan, there you are!" the strong voice of Mrs. Abrams called. "This is Mrs. Kaplan whom I was telling you about," and she introduced Mrs. Kalin.

"I've heard about your son, Mrs. Kaplan," Mrs. Kalin said, "though I'm sorry I didn't get to meet him. I do want to tell you how much I admire what he's doing over there."

"Thank you very much. I think he was

out of Israel when you were there. He travels quite a bit with his job. His company needs someone who speaks English to visit the African countries on business matters."

"Yes, I'm sure. How does he like Tel Aviv?"

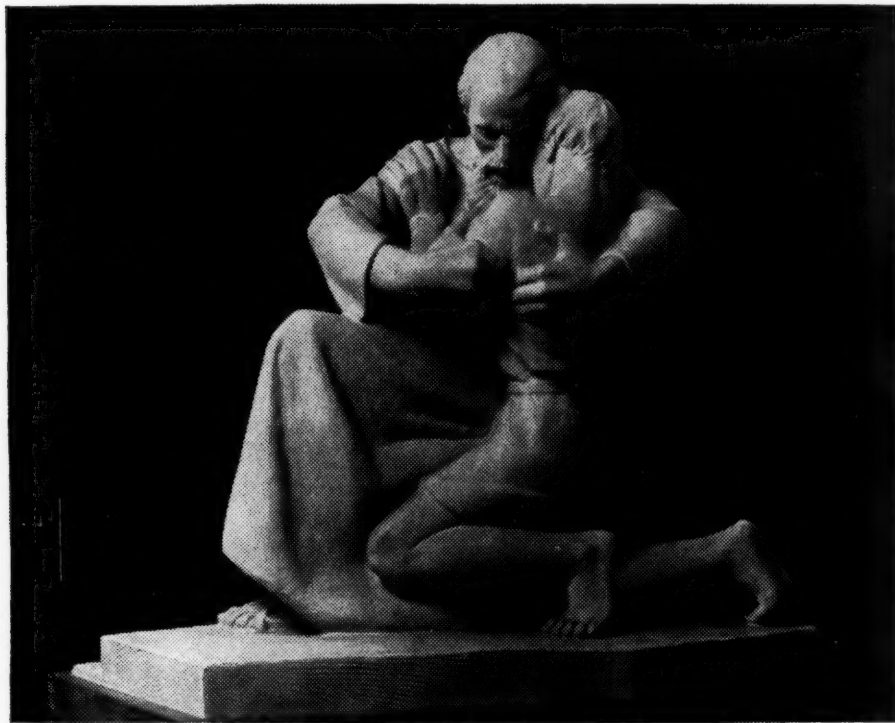
"Oh, much better than Haifa. It's so much easier for Arline—that's his wife—to keep house and take care of the children's schooling. It's so much more modern, you know."

"Stephen Kaplan was no ordinary young man," Mrs. Abrams explained to Mrs. Kalin, "believe me. When he left Dade's he was making an excellent salary. It wasn't that he was one of those young men who go to a new country because they can't find themselves here."

"The whole thing is so heart-warming,

Mrs. Kaplan," Mrs. Kalin said. "If more Jews here could just realize how much work there is yet to be done in Israel! It's so thrilling when you consider what they have done in such a short time. I know I've tried to get my own children to keep going over there as much as they can; and when they come back to encourage their friends to try to see Israel and learn what they can do to help. Really, it's so hard at times, and then someone like your son comes along—and well, he's a hero to people like myself who. . . . Why, I'm sorry Mrs. Kaplan, I'm sorry! Did I say something wrong? Why, Mrs. Kaplan, I—"

But Mrs. Kaplan was taking out a handkerchief to dry her tears, and she tried to think of her son as a hero.



Abraham and Isaac

MARION SANFORD

The American Family and American Character

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

THE FAMILY is the social institution which is developed around the child-mother-father-sibling relationship. Since it is within the organizing field of energies which that institution constitutes that the child first learns to become a human being, a social being, and since as a result of the interaction between himself and the socializing conditions of his particular family the foundations of his character and personality are laid, it should be obvious that if we are to understand that part of the American character which is an expression of the socialization process within the family, it is necessary to understand the structure and functioning of the American family.

At the outset we are confronted with the fact that the American family neither possesses quite the same structure nor functions in quite the same way in different classes. The differences are appreciable and significant, and their effects upon the social development of the person are important. In fact, the effects of these differences play a very considerable role in determining the character and basic personality structure of the person in American society. Bearing this in mind we shall deal, for the purpose of this particular analysis, with the process of socialization in the typical urban middle-class family.

The ethos of the family is determined by the ethos of the society as a whole, and since the socialization of the child within the family is calculated to be a preparation for life in society, it is obvious why this should be so. The family is, in a very definite sense, a reflection in minuscule of the aims and ideals of the society of which it is a part. The dominant aims and ideals that prevail in any society are those with which the parents endeavor to equip their children. But

we are not so much concerned here with the process of this equipment as with the effects of the actual functioning of the American family upon the development of the character of the American.

In the case of the American family we occupy an enviable position in being able to trace the antecedent conditions which have produced its peculiar structure. The conditions of life in America have uniquely influenced the development of society and the family. The frontier spirit, the spirit of exploration, of adventure, of individualism, the spirit of progress, the measure of a man's worth in terms of achievement, of economic status, the movement onwards to better and greater things, the breaking with the past—"The American Way." In keeping with this spirit, parenthood in America, as Margaret Mead has pointed out, has become a very special thing: "Parents see themselves not as giving their children final status and place, rooting them firmly for family life in a dependable social structure, but merely as training them for a race which they will run alone."¹

The American parent is bent on seeing that his children go places and do things, with the difference that his children will go to better places and do bigger things. In no other land do parents do so much to make their children happy and successful as in America. Sensitive foreigners never fail to comment upon the fact that children appear to be so much happier in America than they are in Europe. As compared with Europe there is a greater freedom from parental over-discipline and a much greater freedom to behave as a person in one's own right. These forms of behavior are not unrelated.

1. Margaret Mead, *The American Character*, New York, Morrow, 1942, p. 41.

But let us now briefly consider the structure of the American family. In other societies the family is a common enterprise of mother and father. In America there is an asymmetric segregation of the roles of mother and father in which by far the greater part of the socialization of the child falls to the mother. The father's principal role is extra-familial; but although his role in the socialization of the children is not, in terms of temporal duration, an extended one, it would be a grievous error to suppose that it is a minor one. The family is very much more than a refuge to him in which his chief purpose is to relax from the rigors of the masculine occupational world; it is that and a great deal more. There is no Western society in which the father is more devoted to his children and kinder to his wife than in America. It is, however, equally true that in no other society is the father so freely willing to make over the greater part of the upbringing of the children to his wife. This is illustrated by the story told of an American who introduced his children to a friend with the remark, "George, meet my wife's children." It was a remark put by a Hollywood script writer into a film. The fact that it was put into a film indicates that it was meant to strike a responsive chord, and it did. Popular recognition of the asymmetric roles played by the mother and father within the family is illustrated by the inquiring remark made by a child to its mother concerning its father, "Mummy, who is that man I see around the house here on week-ends?"

The fact that the father is so much less physically present than the mother, making him the weaker disciplinarian, the weaker socializing agent, has very important implications for the development of the American character. In the first place, the emotional bonds with the mother are generally very much stronger than are the bonds with the father. "Mother's Day" is not merely a tribute to the "weaker sex," for Americans do not believe in a "weaker sex." The peculiar American phenomenon known as "momism," the sentimentalized attachment of the male to "mom," is caricatured by the

hulking brute of a boxer who stertorously breathes into the microphone "Hello, Mom, this is Brusier. It was a good fight, an' I won. See ya soon Mom." A universally American way of swearing at a man is to call him a "son of a bitch"—an insult directed toward the one to whom the American is emotionally most attached. This oath is so common in America that it has lost a considerable amount of its force, but its original significance should not be overlooked. There is no similar oath involving the father. Jokes, however, in which "father" gets the raw end of the deal are legion.

The attachment to the mother is indicative of the importance of her role in forming the character of the child. This attachment to the mother has one very significant influence upon American character. Through its influence the American develops a certain number of traits which Europeans regard as feminine. Europeans describe these traits collectively under the term "softness," the softness of the female as compared with the "hardness" familiar in European males. The American male tends to be gentle in the feminine sense, to be kindly, to be helpful, to be a "good mixer," generous, and sympathetic. European women who know America agree that American men make the best husbands. They do not consider that American men compare intellectually with European men, but they are convinced that they are easier to live with, that they are more cooperative than European men. In brief, I should say that this difference between American and European men is a function of the difference in the amount and kind, and source, of the love which they receive in childhood. The tenderness of the American male is something of which most American parents are aware. Their anxiety that their boys should not develop too much as their daughters are encouraged to develop is reflected in their over-emphasis on "toughness." There is a feeling that a boy ought to be "tough." "Don't be a sissy," is the kind of thing more often heard in this country than in any other. It is not that parents actually want their boys to be tough, but

they distinctly do not want them to be "soft"; and so from early childhood on there is this double influence of much mothering on the one hand, and on the other, also originating chiefly from the mother, those influences and rewards which are calculated to make "Junior" a little man. Two forms of socializing reinforcements operate upon Junior—the love of his mother which tends to make him gentle, and her use of her love to help Junior become a man. To return his mother's love Junior soon learns that he must fulfill all the requirements necessary to become a man. Becoming a man, growing up in terms of the American creed, is measured in terms of achievement, and this means competition. You must run better, skate better, play better, get better marks, eat better, get there faster than anyone else. You have got to get ahead. Getting ahead is the great object in life of American Juniors, for Junior's getting ahead is, he learns, the principal means of retaining the love of his parents, particularly his mother. He learns that his parents' love is conditioned upon how he compares, measures up, with others. He must compete and be successful. Becoming a man means being a success; and so the parents and Junior can hardly wait till the time when they can decently put Junior in long pants. America is one of the places in the Western world where boys not yet in their teens wear long pants.

Girls, of course, are also affected by this drive pattern; and by the time the "little women" are half way through high-school, painted finger-nails and lips, and most of the other signs of technical adulthood have been adopted. The female, too, is judged in terms of comparison with other females. The most constant form of conspicuous achievement exhibited by the American female is external attractiveness. The average American middle-class female dresses as well and as expensively as only the members of the upper classes of Europe do. The lower-class American female dresses more attractively than the European middle-class female. In no European land is the principle of conspicuous consumption so significantly sym-

bolized by the mink or sable coat as in America. It is not so much that the male regards his wife as a means by which he can demonstrate to the world his own successful achievement, as that the female uses her husband's money to demonstrate her own successful achievement. To succeed a woman must make herself attractive; and here again the drive is very strong. Hence, in no other land have beauty parlors, Helena Rubinstein's, and Elizabeth Ardens become the kind of institutions they are in America. Beauty is a big business. The charms of the female are everywhere in the market, but in no other land have they become so aggressively competitive in the open market as in America. It was in America that women first took to "bloomers"; it was in America that women first dared to raise their skirts above the ankle; and it was in America that women first abandoned the "bathing costume" for the kind of beach-cloth they wear—or rather, don't wear, but simply affect.

It is not that women are any more sexually endowed in America than they are elsewhere in the world, but simply that the great American spirit of competition has affected them no less than it has the men. The girl must make a better marriage than her mother did; she must move on and ahead. Hollywood interprets the pattern by the time she is old enough to go to the movies. On the screen the girl always marries the man of her dreams; the poor girl marries the rich man's son; the rich girl marries the poor but promising youth. This satisfies everyone—the noble rich girl steps down and the youth steps up; the noble poor girl steps up and the noble rich youth buys her a mink coat and a Deussenberg, and everyone lived happily ever after. The youth looks like Clark Gable and the girl like Katherine Hepburn or Ingrid Bergman or Veronica Lake or Betty Grable.

The women are the most aggressively seductive in the world, and they like their men to be so too. They are contemptuous of the "sissy" who timorously says "May I?" and they prefer the tornado who descends upon them with a "Pucker up your lips,

Babe; I'm coming in on the beam!" A boy like that, they believe, will go places.

To the European, American aggressiveness is puzzling and distasteful, and "the dependence upon externals for the validation of success" (Mead), appears childish. To the European, the American with his tremendous impetus to obtain prestige by achievement, his hunt for status, the American seems to sell his birthright for a mess of unwholesome prestige.

The American's admiration for big things, for size, magnitude, quantity, the tallest buildings, the largest planes, the longest roads, the most money, and even his love of antiques, reflects the nature of his scale of achievement—he must excel, it is "the American way."

Obviously there is a definite and a clear relationship between the emphasis of the American's socialization process and the nature of his character drives.

Compared with the European father the American father is almost a negative quantity. While the European father may be away from home quite as much as if not more than the American father, the European father is nothing like the *pater absconditus* that the American is. The image of the European father is strong; that of the American comparatively weak. In Europe the mother uses the father as a sort of bogey-man with which to threaten the children. "Father won't like that," or "Wait till your father comes home." The father in Europe is feared; one goes in awe and respect of him. The next thing to the power of the deity is the father, and by the middle of his adolescent years an English boy, for example, is referring to his father as "the old man," a phrase which perfectly defines the spirit of all that is patriarchal for the Englishman. And in England there is an appreciable amount of hatred, conscious and unconscious, for the father.²

On the other hand, the American father is looked upon as a friend by his children

from their earliest years. As a rule he is an interceder who tries to soften the disciplinary behavior of his wife towards the children. His own disciplinary conduct as a parent tends to be kindly. You can argue with Father, and Father will often admit that he was wrong and apologizes to his children. Father gives them an enormous amount of freedom, and everyone knows that Father is a much easier mark than Mother. Nevertheless he can also make things difficult by withholding his approval and his money. But altogether there is a kindly affection associated with him. There is little conflict with him, and he does not constitute a competitor. The Oedipus complex can scarcely be said to exist in Americans. Father is not a rival; he is a friend, and you can argue with him. The image of authority is a reasonable one. It is probable that this peculiar child-father relationship explains that striking difference between European and American culture which can be summed up in the words "In America you can argue and bawl out the umpire; in Europe you never can." It explains the free relations of American soldiers with their superior officers, and the protective benevolent attitude of officers to their men.

This peculiar attitude towards the image of authority was interestingly exhibited within the first few days following the death of President Roosevelt. Most Americans felt as if they had lost a protecting father. The loss was in many cases felt as keenly as if a member of one's own family had died. The President was not regarded as an awesome unapproachable ruler, but as a kindly, helpful, guiding father, a person upon whom one could rely for a steadying hand, and to whom one could at the same time tell a joke. In Tsarist Russia the Tsar, "batoushka,"³ (an intimate term for father), was similarly regarded by the peasant, but one could most certainly not "crack" jokes

2. See the classical study by Edmund Gosse, *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments*, Oxford University Press, 1934.

3. This term is usually incorrectly translated as "Little Father." My friend, Professor Pitirim Sorokin, tells me that it simply represents a more intimate term for father which, in its ordinary form, is "otietz."

with him; there was enough of a consciousness of his autocratic role effectively to prevent that.⁴ The late Emperors of Germany and of Austria-Hungary and the Kings of Spain and Belgium were not regarded as kindly fathers. In those countries the image of the reigning monarch was patterned on the image of the autocratic father. The American likes his gods, his kings, and his presidents to be good mixers.

Sibling rivalry in the American family is also weak, for as Mead points out, such rivalry is directed outwards to success in the outer world, in contradistinction to the European pattern in "which sibling rivalries are directed inwards towards actual personal relationships inside the family group."⁵ In the American family one typically gets along well with one's siblings, and generally a great deal of affection exists between them. This ease of sibling relationships may explain the American's easy relationships with strangers, his abilities as "a good mixer." An Englishman will commonly not speak to strangers; to an American a stranger is an immediate stimulus towards the establishment of friendly relations and an exchange of personal and family histories.

4. The resemblance between American and Russian family is striking. On the congeniality of the American and Russian personalities see Pitirim Sorokin, *Russia and the United States*, New York, Dutton, 1944, p. 55.

5. Mead, *op. cit.*, p. 111.

The American, compared with the European, is a warm-hearted person. He is capable of a good deal of sentiment and affection. These qualities may be attributed to the fact that as a child he receives a great deal more love than European children do. Not all of the love he receives is conditioned upon his successful achievement.

In a sense the American never really grows up; he never grows beyond the ideals which were patterned for him as a child—the male remains an over-grown boy; the female an over-grown girl. The American prolongs his youthful habits and ambitions into middle age. The emphasis in America is positively upon youth. To remain youthful is itself an ideal to maintain. Hence, in no other land in the world do grandmothers and grandfathers try so consistently to resemble their grandchildren. The American, in short, is in many ways best described as an arrested adolescent, who, therefore, has within him great potentialities for growth and development.

When the ethos of American culture swings away from the over-weening emphasis on material achievements to a more balanced view of life, there is a good chance that the American character may yet serve as a guiding light to the rest of the world. And there is good hope of this, for Americans are still in the growing-pains stage of their development.

SONNET FOR A WIDOW

By SARAH SINGER

*Concluded now, the rites, the eulogies,
The manifest condolences that gloss
Finality with hope; the bitter lees
Of anguish drained, irrevocable loss
Each hour defined anew in breadth and spate
Of unplumbed silence. Weary beyond prayer
Or whys or tears, as shadows inundate,
She drowns, spent now, even of despair.
At last she sleeps, her black-crepe widowed plight
Annulled, forgotten in a mummer's masque
Of dream; reprieved till morning harsh with light
Shall wrench her to recall; to time and task
Unmeaning now: dust purged from sill and shelf,
The house swept bare, swept hollow as herself.*

An American Educator

By FRANKLIN PARKER

MANY EDUCATORS of sound judgment have testified to Francis Wayland Parker's influence on American schools, among them William T. Harris, G. Stanley Hall, and Nicholas Murray Butler. In 1930 John Dewey wrote, "Parker more than any other person was the father of the progressive education movement."¹ When Dewey first lectured to Parker's faculty at the Cook County Normal School, Parker said, "This educational theory I have never been able to state satisfactorily. This is what I have been struggling all my life to put into action."²

Parker was the blunt and aggressive man who had led in making Chicago the nation's educational storm center before 1900. He went to head Chicago's Cook County Normal School in 1883, was followed to Chicago by Jane Addams at Hull House in 1889, and by William Rainey Harper at the University of Chicago in 1890. Four years later Harper appointed John Dewey head of the university's department of philosophy.

If Dewey's educational philosophy evolved in Chicago in the 1890's, might not Parker have provided him with the concrete example of a democratic, child-centered school? Might not Addams have focused Dewey's attention on the social problems of an industrial society? Might not Harper have provided Dewey with a view of education as an on-going process from birth to death?

Parker was born October 9, 1837, in Piscataquag Village near Bedford, New Hampshire. He had been named Francis Wayland after the famous New England preacher and president of Brown University. His father,

a partially deaf cabinet-maker, died when Francis was six. An uncle, appointed his guardian, apprenticed Francis to a farmer in Goffstown, New Hampshire, where he worked five years, attending school eight weeks of each winter. Over his guardian's objections he went to school full time for three years at Mount Vernon, New Hampshire, working after hours and during summers to pay his way.

Parker asked his guardian for the remaining forty dollars of his inheritance to finish one more term of school, which would enable him to be a teacher as his mother and grandfather had been. Again over his guardian's objections he finished the school term and in 1853 at sixteen began six years of country school teaching in New Hampshire at Corser Hill, Auburn, Hinsdale, and his native Piscataquag.

A former classmate who was first assistant in the school at Carrollton, Illinois, recommended Parker as its principal. There from 1859 to 1861 he taught 125 pupils to mend and whitewash fences, dig weeds, and sow grass for a proper playground on the school grounds.

The Carrollton school board members, originally from Kentucky and Virginia, were Southern sympathizers. Parker incurred their displeasure by voting for Abraham Lincoln and by trying to join a cavalry company being formed there for the Union Army. As punishment his school board members reduced his salary.

While vacationing at home in Bedford, New Hampshire, during the 1861 school term, he received a telegram from Alton, Illinois, High School board members who, sympathizing with his patriotic stand at Carrollton, wanted him to be principal of their school. Parker accepted, but before leaving home he was asked to help recruit a military

1. John Dewey, "How Much Freedom in New Schools?" *New Republic* (July 9, 1930), pp. 204-205.

2. Ida Cassa Heffron, *Francis Wayland Parker* (Los Angeles: Ivan Deach, Jr., 1934), p. 36.

company. Anxious to support the Union, he accepted a commission as a lieutenant in September, 1861, in Company E, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers.

Parker took part in the Battle of Port Royal Bay, South Carolina, in 1861; participated in the Florida expedition in 1862; was present at the siege of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1863; and served as a captain under General Butler in the Virginia campaign of 1864. He received a gunshot wound in the throat in August, 1864, a wound which left a permanent rasping quality in his voice. While on convalescent leave in December, 1864, he married Phenie E. Hall of Bennington, New Hampshire. Returning to duty at New Haven, Connecticut, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel, rejoined his regiment at Port Royal, South Carolina, helped supply General Sherman's Army, and was captured. When Lee surrendered, Parker was paroled at Greensboro, North Carolina, and from there returned home.

Against the advice of friends Parker declined a commission in the regular army with a post in Washington, D. C. Instead, for three years from 1865 to 1868, he was the principal of the North Grammar School at Manchester, New Hampshire, at an annual salary of \$1,000. Influenced by his military experience he made use of competition as an incentive for pupil effort and ranked pupils according to achievement.

Political affairs made Parker's school work untenable in New Hampshire. He went west again in 1868 to become principal of the First District School of Dayton, Ohio, at a salary of \$1,600. This was his first experience with very small children. Wanting to learn more about primary education, he studied the writings of Edward Sheldon, who had read Pestalozzi's object lessons through the Oswego Normal School in New York.

In 1869 Parker was appointed principal of a new normal school in Dayton, Ohio, and here his awakening reform ideas evoked opposition. By questioning the accepted pattern of teaching solely from a textbook, he aroused the criticism of publishing firms.

Through adverse newspaper reports of his innovations, these interests sought to oust him. Parker's bold stand spurred on critics who, casting about for reasons to justify their attacks, pointed to the fact that he was not a college graduate. The death of his wife in 1871, the mounting criticism, and his own uncertainty about the correctness of his views caused him to resign in 1872.

A turning point now came in Parker's career. A \$5,000 legacy left him by an aunt enabled him to study at the University of King William in Berlin and to travel in Holland, Switzerland, Italy, and France. This period of study and travel between his thirty-fifth and thirty-seventh years were most influential. He came in contact with the work previously done by Pestalozzi, was influenced by the Herbartians, and was particularly attracted to the Froebelian Kindergarten schools, which he studied intensively in Berlin. Before his European study, Parker had not made unique educational contributions other than those made by a commanding personality in the classroom who could reach and motivate pupils. His Civil War experience had left him a martinet in discipline and a believer in competition and emulation. These attitudes somehow changed after his study in Germany.

Returning to the United States early in 1875, Parker at first could not find a suitable post at home or in Boston, where he preferred to be. Through a chance acquaintance with a member of the famous Adams family of Quincy, Massachusetts, he was appointed the first school superintendent that city had had. Here in five years from 1875 to 1880 he gained a national reputation.

In evaluating Parker's contributions at Quincy, Dewey in 1902 pointed out that routine school work had so absorbed teachers that they had lost sight of the individual pupil. Because of the good results he gained at Quincy, Parker focused the attention of educators on the individual child, and in the tradition of Rousseau and Pestalozzi placed the learner at the center of the educational process.

I. L. Kandel recently reported that Parker at Quincy had been among the first school administrators to provide teachers with assistants in each class to help backward pupils. Kandel also pointed out that Parker's attempts at ability grouping and his plans for unit instruction antedated by more than twenty-five years similar efforts by Carleton Washburn at Winnetka, Illinois, and Helen Parkhurst at Dalton, Massachusetts.³

Inevitably some Quincy teachers and community members opposed Parker as a faddist and a fanatic. But his school board members supported him, among them John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and James H. Slade. Opposition and his own intransigency gave him vast publicity. By one account, as many as 30,000 visitors came to observe his methods at Quincy. Of his success there he wrote, "When our schools in Quincy became famous and thousands of visitors poured in, and it was written up in all the papers and discussed, I was probably the most astonished man in the whole community."⁴ Asked to explain his "Quincy Method," Parker scoffed that he had no method, but rather that he had borrowed from any source he could which helped him make learning real, useful, and enjoyable.

Parker moved to Boston in 1880 as one of six supervisors under a city superintendent and was placed in charge of the primary schools of the north end of South Boston. Since the Boston school system was larger than Quincy's, more centralized, and more highly systematized, it was understandable that Boston school people should be conservative in their curricular and administrative practices. Some teachers and principals in Parker's district opposed his liberal school views. This opposition, along with his being removed more than he liked from classroom activities, prompted him to leave Boston. In 1882 he married Mrs. M. Frank Stuart, who was the first assistant in the Boston School

of Oratory, and in 1883 he became principal of the Cook County Normal School at Englewood, near Chicago.

This fifteen-year-old county normal school, which had had a struggling existence, had declined markedly after the death of its principal, D. S. Wentworth. What was needed was an administrator with a firm hand who was also a builder—requirements Parker admirably filled. The normal school was composed of a professional training class and a demonstration elementary school. During his first year Parker introduced a manual training department into his elementary school. Said to have been among the first in the country (1883), this department antedated by more than ten years similar manual training work in Dewey's experimental school at the University of Chicago.

Though Parker emphasized learning through activity programs rather than through memorization, he insisted that his teachers be thoroughly prepared in subject matter, teaching methods, and child development. Before his student teachers could teach in the demonstration school, they were required to prepare acceptable subject matter "knowledge papers" and teaching method "lesson plans."

Parents of pupils in the demonstration school at first opposed innovations whose results were not immediately evident. This opposition changed to approval when it was seen that Parker's pupils actually received more attention, care, and character training and that they acquired more knowledge and skill than did children in other elementary schools.

Loyal support from parents, teachers, ministers, and educators saved Parker time and again from dismissal during his bitter clashes with the Cook County school board members, politicians, and conservative elements. Vigorous in his defense were Jane Addams of Hull House and Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch of Chicago who staunchly shared his view of public schools as Americanizing agencies for immigrant groups. He was by far the most controversial figure in Chicago's

3. Isaac L. Kandel, *American Education in the Twentieth Century* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1957), p. 137.

4. William M. Giffin, *School Days in the Fifties* (Chicago: A Flanagan Company, 1906), p. 131.

educational circles. On the national scene he figured prominently at NEA meetings from 1880 to 1900. He served on the NEA Committee of Fifteen in 1893, which recommended revision of the elementary school curriculum.

Parker's work at Cook County Normal School, even more than at Quincy, attracted wide attention. Visitors from all over the United States and from foreign countries came to observe. Among the visitors in 1897 was a public-spirited Chicagoan, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who had inherited a large fortune from her father, Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the reaper. Her husband's death early in their marriage and the need to raise her fatherless son, prompted her keen interest in primary education. She took teacher-training courses and became herself an expert teacher.

Realizing in her own mind the far-reaching significance of Parker's educational ideas, convinced of the soundness of his views, and wanting to free him from the criticism often levelled at public administrators, Mrs. Blaine offered to endow for Parker and his faculty a private teacher-preparatory school. Parker accepted and in 1899 headed at Lincoln Park the Chicago Institute. It consisted of a teacher-training department and a demonstration elementary school. Soon after its inception William Rainey Harper, then engaged in creating the University of Chicago with the backing of John D. Rockefeller, urged Parker to merge the Chicago Institute into his university as its department of education.

With Mrs. Blaine's financial help, the year-old demonstration school of the former Chicago Institute was continued as the Francis W. Parker School and exists to this day. Parker served as the first director of the University of Chicago's Department of Education until his death on March 2, 1902. John Dewey, as the second director, succeeded Parker.

In the last analysis, what precisely did Parker contribute to American education? Why should John Dewey have credited Parker with being "the father of the pro-

gressive education movement" and what had G. Stanley Hall meant when he said of Parker's work, "I come here every year to set my educational watch"?⁵ Why did Harold Rugg, who found in Parker a kindred spirit, write of him as "the pioneering genius of the new education in America"?⁶

Something of Parker's contributions may be found in the fact that as an early school reformer he improved the teaching of geography and first popularized the core curriculum approach by concentrating learning around key subjects. Something may also be inferred from the fact that Parker pioneered the break away from the deadening teaching routine that so long gripped American education. School, Parker said, should provide fresh adventures and new experiences. "Whatever else you do," he told his teachers, "do something different. Uniformity is death; variety is life."⁷ And Kandel's observation about Parker having focused educators' attention on individual differences has already been mentioned.

Rugg stated without reservation that Parker's demonstration school in Chicago was "the first 'child-centered school' in America, and one of the first to be created anywhere in modern industrial society."⁸ Kandel's analysis, supplementing Rugg's statement, pointed out that without the benefit of G. Stanley Hall's psychological skill or Hall's laboratories, Parker intuitively succeeded in making learning grow out of children's spontaneous tendencies.⁹ If one were so inclined, he might find and trace a thread of influence from Rousseau's *Emile*, to Schiller's *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man*, to Froebel's *The Education of Man*, to Parker's kindergarten study in Germany, and to his Quincy and Chicago innovations.

5. Heffron, op. cit., p. 39.

6. Harold Rugg, "Francis Wayland Parker and His Schools," *Education and Philosophy; The Year Book of Education 1957*, ed. by George Z. F. Bereday and Joseph A. Lauwerys (Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York: World Book Company, 1958), p. 405.

7. Merle Curti, *The Social Ideas of American Educators* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935), p. 382.

8. Rugg, op. cit., p. 410.

9. Kandel, op. cit., p. 200.

Merle Curti, concluding his evaluation of Parker with the bold statement, "Parker began the emancipation of the American child,"¹⁰ also lists for Parker a significant array of firsts: first to establish a large garden in a public elementary school, one of the first to make field trips and visits to factories and to the country a part of instruction, and among the first to unite home and school.¹¹ Certainly on the last point Parker was a pioneer. His parent-teacher meetings, among the earliest in America, were also among the most successful. Because his work was new and different, and hence often suspected and criticized, he wanted to make clear to parents what he and his teachers were doing and what his

educational aims and methods were designed to accomplish. In binding strands of understanding and cooperation between home and school, Parker benefited pupils and teachers and the school itself as a social institution.

Parker's contributions ultimately rested on his courage. It took such courage to break new paths, because he knew that criticism would follow, even from honest and honorable people. It is always frightening for one to go against a popular trend.

To children he was tender; to teachers encouraging and challenging. To the public he was a shocking and disturbing force. To those who opposed him he was fearless and aggressive. He accepted the challenge his time and circumstances placed upon him. Nothing became him so well as the mantle of reformer.

10. Curti, *op. cit.*, p. 395.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 383.

from Sages, Chroniclers, and Scribes

Within the limitations of space assigned to this project, writings and memorabilia centuries old will be published and experiences will be depicted which were of vast and primary importance in the little-remembered, long-ago annals of Jewry and other minorities.—Editor.

YOM KIPPUR

By PAULINE WENGEROFF

From *Memoirs of a Grandmother**

Translated from the German by Harriet Rosenthal

|| STILL REMEMBER the awe that prevailed in our father's home on Erev-Yom Kippur, the eve of the Day of Atonement.

Then our pious parents forgot all worldly interests and lived only on prayers.

As dusk approached, everybody prepared

* Pauline Wengeroff, author, was born in 1833 in Bobruisk, Lithuania, and died in 1916 in Minsk, White Russia. She was the child of Orthodox parents but received a thorough European education. She became known, chiefly in Central Europe, through her autobiographical *Memoiren einer Grossmutter, Bilder aus der Kulturegeschichte der Juden*

Russlands in neunzehnten Jahrhundert. This was published in Berlin in 1908 and 1910, preface by Gustav Karpeles. It mirrors the cultural life of Russian Jewry from the 1830s to 1892, the Haskalah period, the attempts at reform by Rabbi Max Lilienthal, and the effects on the Jewish masses of spiritual transformation through Western education.

for the ceremony of kaporot. Every man took a rooster by the feet. Every woman took a hen. A special prayer was recited, and then the fowls were swung three times in an overhead circle and thrown away. After that the birds were killed and eaten.

It was a holy duty to make the Yom Kippur candle, and for this we had the help of a Gabete named Sarah. (Gabetes were old women who devoted themselves to charitable work.)

Sarah appeared with a parcel of small prayerbooks for women—written in Yiddish-German—and an enormous ball of wick thread and a big piece of wax. She and my mother began by reading the books with outbursts of crying. Then Sarah took the ball of wick thread, put it in her apron, and faced mother at a distance of one meter (39.37 inches).

Sarah gave the end of a thread to mother, who began to pull the thread toward her. As mother did this, she called in a sobbing voice the names of all family members who were dead. She recalled the good deeds of the departed and pulled a thread from the ball for each dead person. When the whole roll had been called, this provided threads of the proper thickness for our candle wick.

The names of living family members were called in the same way, and when somebody was dangerously ill it was customary to measure the sides of the cemetery with wick thread and then apply the threads to the making of Yom Kippur candles.

Mother never ate before making the candle, for a person is more humble with an empty stomach—and more inclined to cry.

The first half of the day was gay. We ate a great deal of fruit and recited the hundred blessings. Then we went to bathe and dressed ourselves in white to be pure and worthy before the Eternal Judge.

During Minchah, the afternoon service, everybody had beaten his chest thirty-five times and had wept profusely. The men went to the synagogue and returned, eyes red from crying, to eat the traditional supper with great solemnity.

We children were filled with fearful expectation. Everybody was silent, feeling the effect of something grave and unspoken.

After the meal, everybody removed his shoes, and the men donned over their coats their long white kittels (the death shirts in which Jews are buried), completing their costumes with silver-fabric belts and small silver-fabric caps. Then, with coats over their shoulders, the men went to the synagogue again.

Before leaving, father blessed every child and grandchild. The servants came in, sobbing, and asked each other "mauchel sein"—forgiveness. And my mother asked forgiveness of any servant she might have insulted during the year.

At the synagogue, brightly lighted by numerous candles, the solemn Kol Nidrei prayer was offered before the open Oren Kodesh, the Holy Ark. And those who prayed were deeply stirred. They were put into a repentant mood to confess all the insults they had hurled at one another during the year.

All was forgiven. Even the insults and the abuses of the Gentiles were forgiven. Every Jew wished to free himself from all his sins. On this evening above all others, he recognized the helplessness of man in the vastness of the universe. He understood the truth of the words that "we mortals are in the hand of God as clay in the hand of the potter . . . as stone in the hand of the mason . . . He shapes everything at His own will . . ."

After our parents left the synagogue, we children huddled around our oldest sister, Chashe Feige, our beloved protector and teacher. She recited the evening prayer, and we stood devoutly beside her, keeping pace with the words. I heard her sob, and I was frightened. The whole house was enveloped in deep silence. The wax candles crackled mysteriously. And in my imagination, I saw what transpired in heaven before the throne of God. I heard the voices of the people asking for mercy. I saw that even the angels stood in awe and fear before the Almighty. I saw that the Master, in His mercy, tested

the hearts of the just and gave His compassion to those who sincerely repented.

About nine o'clock, our sister told us to go to bed. But our hearts were heavy, and we begged her to stay with us. And she sat with us until we fell asleep.

On the following day, the mood of those in the synagogue was even more solemn, and the outside world seemed even more remote to them.

On Judgment Day, on the great holy Yom Kippur, God the Master sits alone in judgment over the sins of the people. The angels tremble and shout: "This is the Day of Judgment." The great shofar is sounded. It is determined who shall live in the coming year, who shall die a natural death, and who shall die a treacherous death, who shall become poor or rich, who shall be raised or lowered. But repentance, prayer and charity cancel the stern decree.

What is man? "He comes from and returns to dust. He is like the potsherd that breaks, the flower that fades, the grass that withers, the smoke that floats away without a trace, the dream that disappears . . ."

Our house was disordered. The shutters on the windows were closed. The rooms were not cleaned. Still standing about were the sand-filled pots in which the stumps of candles still burned, as they had burned through the night, filling the air with a heavy scent.

At noon we children were given our tea and breakfast, which also served as lunch and which consisted of kapores (cold chicken) and white bread. Then our playmates appeared, and the mood of grief and oppression gradually lifted from us.

At dusk the household began to stir. The

rooms were put in order, the tea table was set, many candles were lit, and a cup of wine and a braided wax candle were prepared for Havdolah.

The darker it grew outside, the lighter the room became. The samovar bubbled invitingly on the table when the adults returned from the synagogue. Everybody was exhausted from fasting and praying, but all waited patiently until father and the others had washed and combed their hair, which had been forbidden in the morning. Then father made Havdolah. That is, he recited the prayer over the cup of wine.

Everybody seated himself at the table, which was richly laden with cold food and cakes. Although the stomach had not received even one drop of water in twenty-four hours, it was filled now with sweet, sour, bitter and salty food. All traces of fatigue vanished, and faces glowed with inner peace and contentment. Now this hard day was behind us for another year.

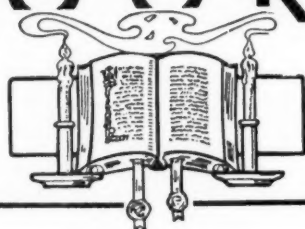
After satisfying his hunger, everybody became happy and cheerful. At the head of the table, reclining in his large armchair, our father began to repeat—half singing—the exalted passages of the day's prayers. The young men joined in, as did the cantor of the synagogue, a good friend who often came to visit us.

The family sat together long past midnight in this gay, happy mood. It did not occur to anybody to go to bed after such a wearying day, although it would be necessary to be at the synagogue at daybreak the next morning to prevent the slanders of Satan. For if the synagogue was not visited, Satan could say to God: "Look! Yesterday you forgave your people their sins, and today nobody is present. Your house is empty!"

. . . The example of the Hebrew nation laid down the parallel lines on which all freedom has been won—the doctrine of national tradition and the doctrine of the higher law; the principle that a constitution grows from a root, by process of development, and not of essential change; and the principle that all political authorities must be tested and reformed according to a code which was not made by man. . . .

John Acton, History of Freedom

BOOKS



Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 179 West Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.

***Jews in Music*, by Arthur Holde. Philosophical Library. 364 pp. \$5.00.**

The author of this work is a former music critic and synagogue music director of Frankfurt, now living and writing in New York. *Jews in Music* is concerned not only with Jewish music but with the contribution to music in general by performers, critics, and musicologists of Jewish origin. It is of some interest to point out, as the Introduction states, that this book, presenting the achievements of creative and performing Jewish musicians, "owes its origin to a grant from the Department of Cultural and Educational Reconstruction of the Conference of Jewish Material Claims against Germany in New York City." It is only within the past thirty years that any extensive bibliography of Jewish activity in music has become evident. In contrast to the sporadic appearance of an occasional essay or a study (usually of Synagogue music), works by Idelsohn, Werner, Saminsky, Gradenwitz, Brod, Rabinowich, Rathmueller, Rosowsky, Saleski, Weissner, and Binder, published during the past thirty years, give some indication of increased productivity in this area.

The book discusses music and musicians of the late eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth centuries. Its principal value is that of a compilation and reference work listing composers, performers, musicologists, collections, foundations, institutions, and organizations. While it has more continuity, coherence, and authority than Gdal Saleski's *Famous Musicians of Jewish Origin*, it makes no pretence of being a scholarly work in the category of Idelsohn's still definitive *History of Jewish Music*.

As is the case in most compilations, depth is sacrificed to area. What one misses here is insight, the capacity to penetrate, to illumine, to suddenly clarify. Thus, the weakest

portions of the book are those in which the author attempts to come to grips with basic and essential factors. Chapter XVII, "The Ideological Conflict," dealing with Wagner's anti-Semitism, is, surprisingly enough, somewhat superficial. Chapter XIX "On the Problems of a Jewish Style," is hardly successful in its attempt to solve an avowedly challenging and difficult issue. Here, above all, where clarity and authority are the prime requisites, what is one to make of the following sentences: "We may speak of a Jewish style, before and after the Enlightenment, if we consider synagogue and folk-music in their purest forms as they originated in Eastern Europe. In their emotional content, in certain scales and rhythmic components peculiar to both these forms, we discover an individual style of rich variations"? Is it to be assumed that synagogue music in its purest form originated in Eastern Europe? How illuminating it would have been for the author to have cited specific examples of the music to which he refers. What is the emotional content, what are "the scales and rhythmic components peculiar to these forms"? These are neither specifically illustrated nor otherwise identified. Consequently, there is no further clue as to what the author considers the tangible factors of a Jewish style. The lack of concrete reference in this instance is emphasized when it is contrasted with the specifics listed in defining the folksongs of the Israeli Kibbutzim (pp. 329-30). Here, melodic, rhythmic, metric, and structural components are clearly and unequivocally given. Finally, the last phrase of the sentence quoted above, "an individual style of rich variations." It is too meaningless.

The question of any Jewish influence in Mendelssohn's writing is hardly clarified when the author writes: "Felix Mendelssohn

was already alienated from the milieu of his ancestors — religiously, socially, philosophically and artistically speaking” and two sentences later declare that “. . . we will scarcely err in saying that Mendelssohn’s musical language reflects the particular sensitivity of an artist coming from a Jewish background.” (P. 342.) In the succeeding paragraph, “Jewish overtones” (in Mendelssohn’s works) are supposedly heard in the “smooth modulation (sic) of the melodic line”; with Mahler, “it is the emphasis and the tendency toward sharp contrasts which reveal certain basic Jewish characteristics.”

There is a quick assessment of the individual style of several composers of Jewish origin, but there is no attempt to establish any common ground for what may be termed a “Jewish style,” presumably the topic of the chapter.

The thirty-page chapter on “The Music of Palestine-Israel” is concise but adequate. The role of the kibbutz in the still-evolving folk-music of Israel is emphasized. The paradox that less new liturgical music has come from Israel than from any of the Western European or American countries with sizable Jewish populations is again made evident. In Israel, as is well known, only the “official” (orthodox) Synagogue is allowed to function. But during the past half-century, the great volume of significant sacred music has been written by American and European composers, not for the orthodox synagogue, but for the conservative and reformed branches. Since there is little prospect that the theological situation in Israel will change in the near future, there is correspondingly little possibility that the associated musical situation will change.

This prompts an interesting question: Assuming that eventually there will crystallize an authentic “Jewish style” in Israel, will we therefore have to distinguish between the secular Jewish style of Israel and the sacred Jewish style of the Diaspora? In view of his contention that only in Israel can Judaism exist, this might well be a question for Ben-Gurion to ponder.

The principal merits of Holde’s book are in its accumulation of factual data. Despite its shortcomings, it remains a worthwhile addition to the growing literature on Jewish music.

LEON STEIN

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Call It Sleep, by Henry Roth. Pageant Books, Inc. 599 pp. \$5.95.

This novel has had a most remarkable history. Few books outlast their time, especially a time as fast-moving as our own. The author of this book, Henry Roth, now in his mid-fifties, never wrote another book, but his first one was remembered by a handful of critics, and though it fell into obscurity, it has been reissued and thus is made available to a new generation.

I say that *Call It Sleep* has had a remarkable history for several reasons: It was published in 1934, with critical acclaim but with small sales. Then it vanished, as the Depression hit and the publisher of Roth's novel folded up. During the next fifteen or twenty years, *Call It Sleep* was mentioned by many critics; it was listed as one of the finest creative works of its era; and it was listed in various literary histories. Roth himself had withdrawn from writing and, indeed, from commercial life. He had become a water-fowl farmer in Maine and no longer regarded himself as a writer.

With the re-publication of *Call It Sleep*, Roth has won new attention. Not only has the novel received new and glowing notices from critics as different as Dorothy Parker in *Esquire* and Marie Syrkin in *Midstream*, but it has been a selection of the Reader's Subscription and paperback publishers are competing for the rights to reprint the book. The new edition carries essays of critical appreciation by Maxwell Geismar and Meyer Levin, as well as a history of the book and its author by the present reviewer.

What, then, is so special about *Call It Sleep* that it should have evoked in 1934, 1935, and 1961 high praise and should have helped create a "Henry Roth cult"?

Quite simply, *Call It Sleep* is an extraordinary novel, written with brilliance and passion, somewhat along the lines of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is a long book, an ambitious book, and a true book. Alfred Kazin has said it evokes the tempo and color and spirit of New York City more accurately than any other work of fiction. Marie Syrkin, Meyer Levin, Maxwell Geismar, and Leslie Fiedler have, at one time or another, in one

way or another, called it the best Jewish novel ever written about American Jews. It is a novel that, once read, is never forgotten. I found this to be true through the years. I have recommended it to many people: professional readers, teachers, scholars and non-professionals, but in every case to men and women who like to read. Everyone has been impressed with it.

In the main, it is a novel about a little Jewish boy, David Schearl, who lives with his parents, Jewish immigrants, in the jungles of the Brooklyn streets, in the days when most Jews were strange to America and to the large city of New York. How David tries to find his way among the little Irish lads; how he struggles in cheder; how he is frightened and revolted by the conflict between his parents, who are not happy with each other; how he is overwhelmed by the blatant sexuality of his environment—all these are described and pinpointed by Henry Roth with the skill of a master craftsman and with the passion of a poet.

In addition to the re-creation of Jewish life in the early part of the century, Roth has managed to use—poetically and brilliantly—a sort of Yiddish-English which magnificently evokes the spirit of his people and his times. Professor Walter Rideout, the author of an important scholarly and critical work entitled *The Radical Novel in America*, has said: "What makes the novel so extraordinary is its seamless web of concrete and abstract, of reality and symbol, of earth and spirit. . . . The language, too, represents the same unity of opposites; it moves back and forth effortlessly from a precisely heard and rendered everyday speech, complete with oath and obscenity, to the apocalyptic imagery of David's own thoughts."

I should not wish, in this brief review, to repeat the thoughts and opinions included in my own long essay introducing this novel. I should, however, like to stress the fact that after many readings, I still believe that *Call It Sleep* ranks as one of the best novels ever written in America and surely as the best Jewish novel of our generation.

HAROLD U. RIBALOW

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The Evolution of Jewish Thought (from Biblical Times to the Opening of the Modern Era), by Jacob B. Agus. Abelard-Schuman. 443 pp. \$7.50.

Students of Jewish history have been fortunate in having at their disposal several adequate political, social, and literary histories of the Jewish people. What has been missing until now is a comprehensive intellectual history of a people whose world achievements have been eminently of the mind and the spirit. The execution of such an assignment presupposes a man who is well-versed in Judaica and also highly competent in the historico-philosophical method. Such a man is Jacob Agus, recognized for some years now as a leading interpreter of Jewish theology and philosophy.

In his history of Jewish thought, Agus has attempted an arduous feat: to establish a valid basis for a liberal Judaism while avoiding a formless, colorless eclecticism. His method is one of demonstrating historically the polarities within Judaism while exhibiting within it a unifying, central tendency. This reviewer believes Agus has succeeded

admirably in his first endeavor while falling short of his goal in the second.

The Talmudic era presented juridically the contrary aspects of the Pharisaic sages as preservers and moulders of the Law, and theologically, concepts of Deity as transcendent and immanent. The philosophies of Saadia and Maimonides embodied the rationalist trends within Judaism and Ibn Gabirol and Halevi personified religious romanticism. More recently Hasidism gave expression to the mystic stream within Judaism and the quest for piety on the part of the masses, while the Mithnagdim stood for the worship of God through study of the Law, as best exemplified by the Halakhic scholars.

Agus does not think in terms of dichotomies but rather of internal tensions, with one current becoming more pronounced at a given period because of temporary and local conditions. The oppositions referred to are a gross simplification of the many faces and shadings found within Judaism at any one time. It is to Agus' credit that he eschews the temptation to oversimplify and chooses the more hazardous course of pre-

senting subtleties and multiple ramifications. In his chapter on the biblical period, for instance, he discusses competing views of Scriptural exegesis, contrasts Near Eastern legendary and legal codes with parallel Old Testament stories and Law, analyzes the idea of God in many of its implications, takes up the questions of human suffering, divine judgment, the Messianic Age, the notion of holiness, the teachings of the Literary Prophets, and the contentious matter of Israel's chosenness. In discussing each issue, Agus displays erudition and fair-mindedness. These very qualities make it clear why he rejects the literalism of fundamentalist Orthodoxy and the exclusiveness of extreme nationalism.

Agus shows boldness in treating as integral to the Jewish tradition such deviationist offshoots as Qaraism with its principle of religious individualism, the Sabbataian-Frankist heresies, and the secularism of Spinoza. And what in some Jewish circles will be regarded as intellectual effrontery, he proposes a Jewish-Christian dialogue:

The challenge of Judaism tends to make the Christian world more prophetic, more communal-minded, more rational and ethical, more concerned with the "works" of love. The Christian challenge to Judaism tends to break down the self-exalting impetus of ethnicism and to caution against the externalization of religion and its hardening into a series of lifeless rituals.

As mentioned earlier, Agus does not conceive of Judaism as a shapeless amalgam of assorted ideologies. It is clear to him that liberal rationalism constitutes the dominant and unifying theme in the long Odyssey of Jewish thought. This thesis is less than conclusively established for this reviewer. To take but one instance, Agus reads the Literary Prophets as exemplars of his preferred trend. But assuredly, the Books of Ezekiel and Isaiah—to cite but two—offer striking instances of religious mysticism. Moreover, the rationalism of Orthodoxy, as Agus himself recognizes, is a far cry from the brand the author prefers. However, one need not agree with Agus' interpretation to find immense value in the study.

Both Jews and non-Jews, probably for different reasons, have often pondered the human significance of Israel's career. Agus, for one, does not consider Jewish culture and thought as "unique" in any metaphysical sense. He acknowledges Jewish reaction

to world "winds of doctrine" and crucial global events. Yet, the nature of the Jewish response is sufficiently distinctive and significant to challenge and fertilize the thought of other peoples. In brief:

The history of the Jewish faith is the magnificent tale of an endless quest [for God] by a world-wide community, a community of people remaining true to its search in spite of many temptations and refusing to compromise with its conscience.

This reviewer reluctantly takes issue with the author on two counts—one substantive and one methodological: The substantive matter concerns Agus' tendency to equate nationalism with chauvinism, and to denigrate the latter as "self-exaltation." Although this is not the arena for debating the proposition, much can be said in defense of the humane motivations and consequences of a liberal nationalism. Moreover, Agus' recoiling from ethnicism has led him to minimize the role of the Hebrew language, Palestinian geography, and Jewish peoplehood in historic Judaism. Indeed, one can point to the ironic phenomenon of an anti-nationalism, institutionalized in the American Council For Judaism, throwing agitational and financial support behind the bellicose clamorings of the Egyptian dictator and international provocateur, Nasser.

In the area of method, Agus' almost total elimination of socio-economic data from his account is regrettable. One need not be a sociologist of knowledge to contend that ideas have a social matrix. This is not to deny that on the level of intellect, the history of ideas enjoys considerable autonomy. If one recognizes the prevailing social turbulence and demoralization of Plato's day as the backdrop for interpreting *The Republic*, one can hardly ignore the background factors in the spread of anti-Roman "Zealotry" or Kabbalistic superstition. Agus would not dispute this for he grants the influence of "the communal bedrock for the flow of Jewish thought." In one sense, one should not quarrel with an author for not doing more than he sets out to do—in this case, to write a history of Jewish thought. All that is contended here is that adding some fifty or more pages of socio-economic interpretive materials interspersed throughout the narrative would have enhanced its value considerably.

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Challenge in the Middle East: Communist Influence and American Policy, by Harry B. Ellis. The Ronald Press. 238 pp. \$4.00.

Harry B. Ellis is a young but experienced journalist who has spent several years in the Middle East and knows how to present what he has to say about the problems of the area in a lively and persuasive style. His main subject in the present volume is an analysis of the position taken by the Middle Eastern states between the two major influences that are impinging upon the area—that of Communism and that of America.

Mr. Ellis is convinced that President Nasser of the United Arab Republic is deeply troubled about the influence of Communism, and that his hostility to Israel does not preclude cordial relations between himself and the United States. He advocates that Israel should dissipate Arab hostility by allowing the Arab refugees to return to their homes. He finds that "King Hussein and King Saud represent political anachronisms hanging on against the winds of change" (p. 219) and recommends American cooperation with

Nasser who is not "out of step with the procession of Arab thought." At the same time he admits that Nasser's statement of March 2, 1960, to the effect that Ben-Gurion was the biggest war criminal, for even Hitler did not destroy an entire people as Ben-Gurion did, would be considered by most Americans as "dangerously irrational" (p. 223).

All one can say when faced with such observations is that the political difficulties of world powers trying to befriend mutually hostile nations are certainly no trifling matter, and that the task of a journalist who wants to show sympathetic understanding for two or more leaders who are at loggerheads is not an enviable one.

Challenge in the Middle East is one of those books which grip and hold the attention of readers interested in the area. It contains many factual details new even to experts; but the reader puts it down with the frustrating feeling that after most careful perusal he has not been brought nearer to any "solution" of the many problems besetting the Middle East.

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The Saving Remnant, by Herbert Agar. Viking. 269 pp. \$5.00.

The American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, better known as the Joint, is now in its forty-seventh year, and is still performing its miracles of helping out Jews wherever they may be in whatever difficulties they may be entwined. Herbert Agar, a non-Jew, came upon its work accidentally and was so impressed that he decided to postpone another book he was working on—he is an authority on American history and politics, having won a Pulitzer Prize for his study, *The People's Choice*—and do a book on its activities. Genuine experts and some who would like to be known as experts have already found faults of omission and commission, but their complaints have been petty and irrelevant. Agar says plainly in his Preface that his book "is not a definitive history." It is a journalistic work, a sort of superior extended magazine article, propelled by love and upholstered with solid information, and as such is first-rate.

The Joint came into being by the pressure of events abroad. The various Jewish fac-

tions in America felt a moral responsibility for their brethren in Eastern Europe and in the Middle East who were being persecuted by the Russians and the Poles and the Turks, and after a period of the usual bickering, they did manage to pool their efforts into what has become an all-embracing Jewish Rescue League, which "makes the basic assumption that Jews have a right to live in countries of their birth or in countries of their adoption; they have a right, as human beings, to reside there; they have the right to emigrate if they so wish." Many sovereign, reputedly civilized nations have made opposite assumptions, and persecution and murder have resulted. The Joint has helped needy Jews in every section of the globe, from Northern Africa to the fastnesses of Siberia, and from the anti-Semitic cesspools of Poland to the more refined areas of anti-Semitism in Germany. The Joint has not only helped "common" Jews to earn a living, it has also helped other worldly Jewish scholars to continue to pursue their holy studies and thus to perpetuate the millennia-old Jewish tradition of the primacy of learning.

Agar tells again, and very well, too, the glorious story of the martyr of the Warsaw Ghetto, Emmanuel Ringleblum and his OS (*Oneg Shabbat*) society, and how he persisted in doing the work of the Joint in the face of certain death. He tells the equally glorious stories of other martyrs in the Ghetto and in the concentration camps that Hitler's *Kultur Helden* established wherever they went.

The Joint is run by dreamers who are also adept in the technique of modern philanthropy. "The Joint strove always for reconstruction and sought always to minimize the period of relief. The Joint put as much of the burden as possible—both financial and managerial—on the local community and on the many international Jewish organizations devoted to special aspects of Jewish welfare." Since the Second World War the Joint has cooperated with virtually every agency in Israel "in lending hope to the inaccessible Jews behind the Iron Curtain, and in protecting the victims of a new political anti-Semitism which has swept the Moslem world." Now and then in its history the Joint has felt that perhaps its work will not be necessary in the near future. But now it realizes that its work will be necessary into the indefinite future. Surely it is one of the most magnificent of all Jewish organizations, and Agar has written a thoroughly fine popular book about it.

CHARLES ANCOFF

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

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In Defense of Ignorance, by Karl Shapiro. Random House. 338 pp. \$4.00.

It has been a long time since a poet with a savage polemical style has knocked the ideological stuffings out of some of his fellow-poets turned critics or high priests. And it all sounds like the warring Thirties, when literary arson flourished; when Eliot was captaining the converted Anglo-Catholic breed of men of letters; and when Pound, via his cantos, cant, and pseudo-economic jargon, was making eccentric converts to fascism. Today, when poets no longer adopt causes, and criticism is still the major vehicle pushing poetry into a minor role, Shapiro's angry and timely book sums up much of the recent criticism, its furies and its fancies, and reveals what it is all about.

It is a difficult book to review, to appraise, or to put into exact frames of reference. The seventeen essays deal with Eliot as well as Pound's unfortunate influences; with Yeats, whom Shapiro mostly endorses; with William Carlos Williams, who emerges, like Whitman, with vast honors; with magic and with Jung. In the book there are objections to Freud's influences on the literary mind as well as a hearty acceptance of science.

Henry Miller emerges as "the greatest living author" today, an evaluation that may please a great many of the anti-critics. Shapiro also deals skillfully with the anti-science essayists of the South and re-creates the realistic critic's attitude towards America's greatest creation—the scientific fraternity, whom Whitman sponsored in his own time. Our Southern style critics, flying their agrarian emblems, rejected science and preferred to return to the pastoral image of man; but at the same time they tried, in some reversal of values, to make poetry into a science, to unloosen it from its lyrical and natural emotional state. When Shapiro says: "Criticism is an attitude of mind, not simply a method of elucidation; . . . is what remains when literature itself has begun to expire; [and] flourishes when literature has failed," one can happily, or unhappily, agree with this evaluation. For the last thirty-five years criticism has stifled poetry by its academic brutality—all in the name of idea-values. Criticism became a specialty of the non-creative professors as the pedants in the reviews made a stew from the pre-cooked carcasses of poetry; and poetry was packaged,

delivered, and eaten by the followers of these pedantic chefs. If Shapiro sounds anti-intellectual—and he almost takes pride in proclaiming that he is—one can well understand the nature of his sharp reaction as he bombs the traditionalists, the academicians, the idea-men of letters, and the socio-economic blood-brothers in writing.

The Jewish writer, says Shapiro, must "accept the consequences of Jewishness." Be what you are, he says; for one can see the nostalgia, the unconscious acceptance of Jewishness, even in Proust. One man's Catholicism is another's Judaism. In the same vein, when attacking the critics of Dylan Thomas, Shapiro lauds D. H. Lawrence, who saw Whitman as the real American poet—"Whitman, the one pioneer."

This book will make many enemies in the critical-professorial clubs; for it literally asks the professors and the time-servers of literature to abdicate, to leave poets alone and to take to fields farther away, where their dead hands can no longer exercise the ghosts that have haunted poets in their dehumanized mansions by the sea.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO

THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM

The Waste Makers, by Vance Packard. David McKay Company, Inc., New York, VIII + 340 pp. \$4.50.

This book is the third in a series, following *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers*. It is written in the same manner, adding quotation to quotation, and follows the same line of reasoning—namely, that there is something wrong with the value system of America in our days. In *The Waste Makers*, Packard discusses in journalistic fashion what David Potter has analyzed in a more scholarly manner in *People of Plenty*—America as the country of abundance. But he goes a step further. Abundance, he says, has now over-reached itself to such a point that the market is glutted beyond its digestive capacity. Neither mass persuasion nor status incentives will suffice in this situation and "planned obsolescence," either through exaggerated styling or through deliberately shoddy craftsmanship, becomes the word of the day. Wastefulness, that is, consumption for consumption's sake, becomes a supreme virtue. To purchase in order to throw away and replace what has been discarded by another short-lived product has become a national goal surpassing health, education, and public services of all kinds. Among these, Packard could have added, only the defense effort stands up because, necessary as it may be, it is wastefulness written with sky-high letters.

The author follows up the various manifestations of rampant consumerism, such as the following: promotion of a second and third car, telephone, television set, and other appurtenances, the entrance of rapidly changing fashion in the car-making, home-building and appliance fields, the built-in accelerated death rates of products which make early replacements inevitable, the frustrations of repair services, the unintelligibility of quality markings, the illusions of installment buying, the fancied economic progress through the proliferation of people, and the pressure-inducement of short-sighted greed as the principal ingredient of the good life. All these points have been made before, so much so that Packard can drive his own point home with great forcefulness by merely assembling the testimony of the makers of

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waste, their unwilling victims, and their bewildered critics. Probably most impressive is his demonstration that consumer indebtedness in the fifties rose three times as fast as personal income and installment loans by banks four times as fast as deposits. This suggests that the Eisenhower prosperity was built on shifting sands and that a recession had to follow the befuddled wisdom of the "You auto buy now" trumpeters as night follows the day.

The implications, according to the author, are serious. Our natural resources, once the solid basis of American abundance, are wasted away. Competition in quality and price is yielding to competition in advertising and salesmanship, so that costs tend to rise rather than decline with the advance of super-production. The commercialization of American life proceeds to the point where every stratagem seems justified by the end of incessantly increasing consumption. The corrosion of the American character through self-indulgence raises a generation without moral standards, so that, according to a spokesman of the United States Department of Justice, there will be one million American teen-agers arrested annually by 1962. This is only a brief summary of some of the major contentions of the book.

One must say that Packard's book is not in the order of a great prophetic message or a biting social criticism. His artless style and simple argument expose the phenomena but fail to provide an analysis of the causes. His conclusions are undistinguished. But his suggested cures, while piecemeal, are worth considering. Diligent congressmen can cull from his examples numerous suggestions for a "fair deal" legislation in the sixties. A powerful argument is made not only for consumer protection but also for new principles of taxation and for increased public services in such neglected fields as conservation, urban renewal, health care, and education. But what is needed above all is a new sense of values. *The Waste Makers* does not spell out such a high goal, but it may help readers think about their present condition and make them ready for the impending change.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

Advertisements for Myself, by Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 532 pp. \$5.00.

Advertisements for Myself is precisely what its title implies, a work intended to proclaim the worth of its subject in a manner which is both compelling and sensational. Here in a handsomely arranged and printed volume, Mailer has collected a sampling of his writings from his first school-boy squibs through essays, stories, verses, and meditations, written over the past decade, to the opening chapter of his work-in-progress. Each group of samplings is prefaced by an "advertisement" which places what follows in the perspective of the author's personal experience and critical and social evaluations, particularly as these reflect on our general literary climate. By such means Mailer intends single-handedly to make room for his own rightful place in what he takes to be a sodden literary culture rendered inert by too much fake decorum, timidity, hypocrisy, and literary courtiership.

Shuddering through his sparkling and informative "advertisements"—all welded together, and, in turn, welding the book together on the arc of Mailer's decision "to use my personality as the armature of this book"—is his outraged sense of isolation. He is desperate for recognition and support from a life-giving audience (the kind of support which England and Europe usually provide their serious writers in full measure). But he despairs of finding such an audience either among "the tense, tasteless victims of the mass media" or, on the other hand, in the primping audience dominated by the academic bureaucracy; for this audience, he writes,

... depends on the sluggish and culturally vested taste of the quarterlies, and since those magazines are all too often managed by men of large knowledge and small daring, the writers they admire are invariably minor, over-cultivated and too literary. . . . Their real delight is the abysmal taste of the majority, for a broad vein of good taste in American life would wash away the meaning of their lives.

Alas, the quality of Mailer's ads, like ads in all other fields, proves for the most part to be better done and more interesting than the wares they trumpet. Most of the fiction included here is not of an earth-shaking quality; there is, however, one outstanding exception which, since it was recently writ-

ten, suggests that Mailer's literary powers have been increasing in strength and *finesse*; that his development, for all his personal turbulences and woes, has been forward-moving. "The Time of Her Time" is a novella which successfully combines that blend of outrageous fantasy with an even more outrageous realism which has typified the high art of our period.

Mailer is "obsessed," as we say nowadays, with his sense that sexuality is the springboard of human behavior and possibility; he uses the word "Hip" to signify one who is (among other things) compulsively aware of the psychosexual implications of a social milieu or personal relationship. For all the reservations one may have about the extremism and non-Freudian looseness with which Mailer deploys this "vision"—and I have plenty—one must give him full credit for having written, in "The Time of Her Time" a story which has the resonance of a bitter myth.

I hope Mailer continues to mine this vein, though the snippet he includes from an opus he is now writing is all too sobersides and abstract, overloaded with vague poetical meanderings and dimly seen underworld characters, one of whom, the super-colossal Marion Faye is Mailer's pet "demon" character. It is his point of view which Mailer plans to use as the Conscience and Reflector of the other figures in the story. To do so would be disastrous, for the demon is an implacable bore, one who might have stepped right out of a typical "serious" Hollywood movie.

It is when Mailer speaks for himself, free of a corny "persona," that he usually writes best. Among the highlights in this collection are his cunning essays on Beckett and Picasso; the concluding paragraphs of his "David Riesman Reconsidered," which rise to a sonorous democratic appeal worthy of the spirit of Mann; his parodies of popular columnists; and a lyric poem, "Lament for a Lady," whose tart wit and promisingly flexible rhythms remind one of E. E. Cummings. Suggestive, too, are the terms in which Mailer commends Myron Kaufman's novel, *Remember Me to God*:

... he had more to say about the deadening of individuality in the American Jew than anyone I can remember; and of the novels about Jews which

I have read, his is easily the best since Meyer Levin's *The Old Bunch*.

I wish Mailer had paused to develop his insight about the "deadening of individuality" as it relates, in particular, to the second-generation Jew, but for our present purposes suffice it to note that none of the non-Jewish heroes of his novels is especially individualized either. In straining to make his central figures broadly representative, Mailer has stripped them of those unique aspects on which their force and insight—and interest—would depend. It is precisely the weakness of his Hearn and O'Shaughnessys that they remain mistily unreal stereotypes. In turning his attention, then, to a subject which he praises Myron Kaufman for having developed, Mr. Mailer may find a clue to solving his own literary problem of finding a fictional "persona" which will be more interesting than any he has yet given us.

Writing to Stendhal to congratulate him on *The Red and the Black*, Balzac noted that although the book seemed based on "a sinister and cold philosophy," it nonetheless contained "the genius of its epoch." This is by way of a final caution to the reader, for not only are Mailer's writings based on a "sinister and cold philosophy" but, worse—and unlike Stendhal's—they consistently reflect that "philosophy." Nor am I sure that his work does contain "the genius of its epoch." What I certify is that Mailer's vision is both shocking and "sinister," flawed by cheapjack sentimentalisms (like his ill-informed view of the Negro as super-sex-man violently propounded in a bad essay, "The White Negro") and by unwarranted presumptuousness, insult, and embarrassing strain. Anyone who seeks peace of mind should not read this book; nor will the hardier reader accept its visions and tirades "whole-hog." Yet a going culture will want, surely, to profit from the more suggestive perceptions of its prophets.

This reviewer, at any rate, honors Mailer for his resistance to the New Mammons of refinement, tarty artiness and niggling academicism, and for his gallant attempt to break through stale habits of feeling and judgment to a new wonder and a fructifying passion.

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The Indian in Mississippi	-	H. Kirkland Ossonaich
The American of Mexican Descent	-	George Sanchez
The Jerusalem Concerto	-	Herbert Zvi Soifer
Rembrandt's Jews	-	Alfred Werner

... and ... a happy new year

IRVING S. ABRAMS

We salute the courage and the vision of the pioneers whose arrival in this land of the free opened a glorious era in the life of Jewry.

PAUL G. ANNES

May the coming year bring the world nearer to peace.

COL. JACOB M. ARVEY

In our concern with the problems of our fellowmen we discharge a primary duty of free Americans.

SAMUEL J. BASKIN

The United States of America and the State of Israel share a profoundly meaningful partnership in making principles of democracy a way of life for all.

DAVID BOROWITZ

The magnificent morale of the American people in times of adversity stems from their unshakable conviction that our way of life is best.

HENRY L. BURMAN

Judge, Superior Court, Cook County

In the enjoyment of our rights and liberties we must never forget the plight of Israel and stricken European Jewry.

SAMUEL BYRON

In the bitter hours of Jewish history, religion has always been and will remain forever the sustaining force of our people.

MORRIS DE WOSKIN

Measures to quicken the realization of Israel's economic independence should be of primary interest to Jewry throughout the world.

SIDNEY D. DEUTSCH

County Commissioner

The treatment and the status of minorities in the United States is the true measure of our social and political progress.

SAMUEL B. EPSTEIN

Judge, Superior Court, Cook County

From the days of Moses the greatest leaders of Jewry have always championed the concept of the brotherhood of men. Let us live up to our heritage.

MICHAEL A. GERRARD

The moral strength of America stems from its way of life and our willingness to defend it.

ELMER GERTZ

President, Chicago Council, American Jewish Congress

In the preservation of our civil liberties and in the perseverance of our Bill of Rights lies the hope of a better tomorrow.

MAX GREENE

The persistence of civilization demands that we consecrate ourselves to American ideological precepts.

HARRY G. HERSHENSON

Judge, Superior Court, Cook County

Our daily experience of freedom should be universally shared. May it become man's proud possession.

MARTIN HERWITT

Responsible communal endeavor has always been a prerequisite of sound American citizenship.

S. JESMER

Anti-Semitism is as great a menace to the well-being of democracy as it is to the Jew whom it aims to destroy.

... and ... a happy new year

DAVID SAUL KLAFTER

Mankind's sole hope for permanent peace lies in following the leadership of the United States of America.

DR. N. D. LIEBERFARB

We must aid Israel to help itself; its preservation and progress as a nation is a boon to all humanity.

JOSEPH LIPSHUTZ

We need constantly prove our devotion to the Bill of Rights in order that we may defeat demagogues who would confuse and divide us.

HARRY MARCUS

Steadfast concern with the lot of common man is the prerequisite of civic minded citizenship.

BENJAMIN NELSON

Judge, Municipal Court, Chicago

Respect for law and intense love for justice have always been the characteristics of the Jewish people.

OSCAR M. NUDELMAN

Rehabilitation projects in Israel, assistance to national organizations such as Hadasah, Hias, the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and such other institutions, should be of great concern to the American Jew.

HARRY PRINCE

Let us help our youth realize its potentials as stalwart defenders of decency, righteousness, and peace on earth.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Pres., Chicago Chapter, Jewish Nat'l. Fund

In the story of mankind the persecution of the Jew ran always parallel with the evil designs upon the freedom of the individual.

BENJAMIN P. SAX

The Jew has always fought and will continue to battle against regimentation, prohibition of inquiry, and disloyalty to the interests of the common man.

NATHAN H. SCHWARTZ

To withhold help to Israel in these trying days is to betray mankind's noblest concepts of justice and fair play.

U. S. SCHWARTZ

Judge, Circuit Court of Appeals

May deep and abiding faith in our institutions be forever the guiding principle of THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM policies.

CLEMENS K. SHAPIRO

These days of turmoil and changing world conditions must exact of us added vigilance in defense of our spiritual values and traditions.

LAWRENCE G. SHENDER

The business of saving lives, building Israel, and strengthening democracy is not finished. These same tasks await us in the year ahead.

DAVID J. SHIPMAN

President, City Club of Chicago

The objectives of democracy are a better world; the implementations of these objectives into living reality is our primary concern.

DAVID F. SILVERZWEIG

Peace and survival are one and indivisible. Mankind is one and indivisible. Our goal for universal peace and brotherhood is one and indivisible.

MAURICE A. SMOLER

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...and...a happy new year

MAX TARG

President, Americans for Music in Israel

The martyrdom of the Jew will not have been in vain if the State of Israel is enabled to persist as a free and an independent nation.

JOHN WALL

Let us in the year to come labor for our country's unity, well being, and security from enemies within and without.

IRVING L. WEIN

The preservation of Israel as a bastion of democracy is not a Jewish only, but an international "must" for world security.

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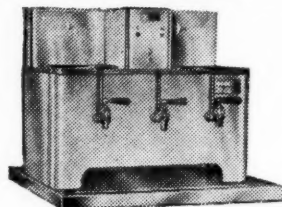
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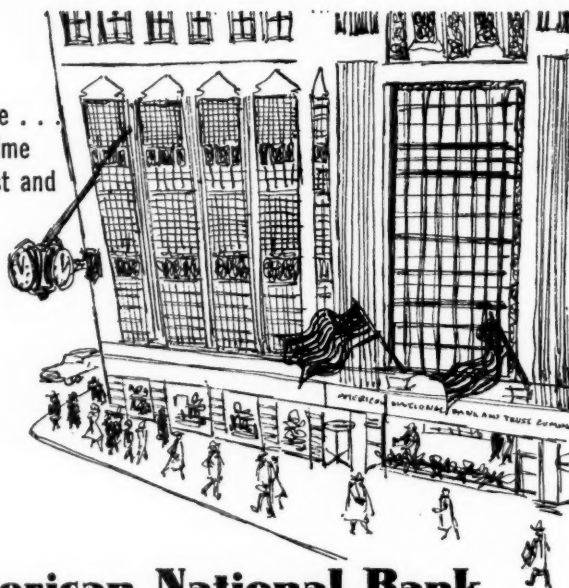
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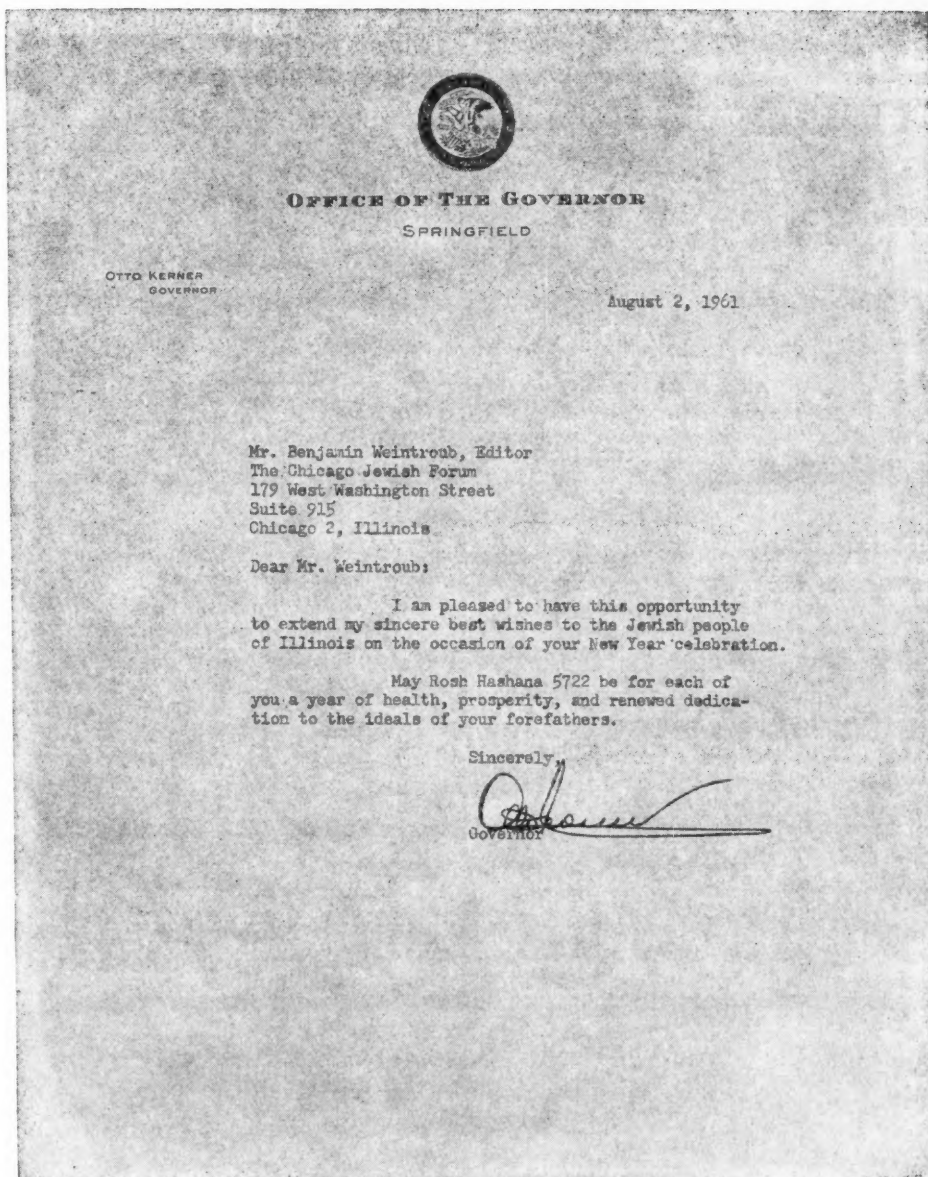
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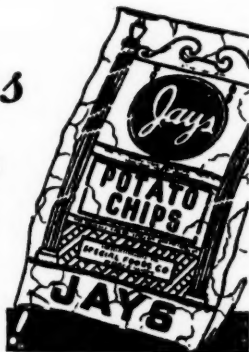
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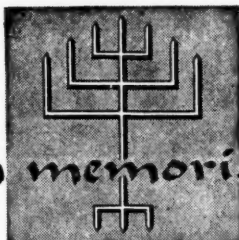
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